THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

July, 1800.

ERRATUM *in our last.*] At the close of our Memoir of the Countess of Derby, we called the infant of which her Ladyship has been lately delivered, a son and heir: this was an oversight, as the Noble Earl has a son by his former Lady, Edward Lord Stanley, born April 21, 1775, who is now Member of Parliament for Preston in Lancashire.

MISS LINWOOD.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

THIS Lady, whose talents are the admiration of the age, and who, indeed, stands unrivalled as an Artist in Needle-work, was born in Warwickshire; but was removed in early infancy to Leicester, where she has ever since chiefly resided. Her family, however, is of Northamptonshire, and some of her ancestors were representatives of that county in Parliament.

For the following particulars of her progress in the elegant art which she professes, we are indebted to one of the most elegant, as well as most respectable, publications of the present day;* from which we learn, that this Lady owes her first ideas of an art in which she has so eminently distinguished herself to a very trifling circumstance.

In the year 1782, a friend sent her, for inspection, a large collection of prints, in various styles of engraving, with no other view than that of affording a casual amuse-

* The Monthly Mirror.

ment. Inspecting them with the eye of genius, Miss Linwood conceived that the force of an engraving might be united with the softness of a mezzotinto; but, being totally unacquainted with any process in that art, she had no instrument by which to make the experiment but her needle. With that she endeavoured to realize her first idea, by copying such prints as most engaged her attention, with the rovings of pure coloured silk, upon white sarsenet. The needle, in her hand, soon became like the plastic chissel of Praxiteles upon a block of marble:—she touched the ground-work, and the figures started into form.

Encouraged by the liberal applause bestowed upon these first attempts, she made copies of them upon an enlarged scale; and the Empress of Russia being then considered as the grand patroness of the arts, and her court becoming the repository of every ingenious production in Europe, Miss Linwood was persuaded, by the then ambassador from the court of Petersburgh, to present a specimen of her unrivalled work to the Empress. Not having, at that time, a thought of making a collection, Miss Linwood consented, and consigned a large picture to Petersburgh, which, in October, 1783, was presented to her Imperial Majesty, by her then favourite General, Landskoy.—She expressed the highest admiration of the performance; said ——" It was exquisite in that branch of art; unquestionably the first in the world;" and ordered the General to make such a return to Miss Linwood as might be worthy of the work, and of herself. But the death of that General frustrated these liberal intentions, no one presuming to mention any thing which had reference to him in the presence of her Majesty.—The picture, however, is particularly honoured, and occupies a favoured situation in the Emperor's palace.

The first essay made by Miss Linwood to imitate paintings was in 1785; and she so far succeeded, that, in the following year, she addressed to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. a St. Peter, from Guido; a Head of Lear, from Sir Joshua Reynolds; and a Hare, from the Houghton

Houghton Collection. For these the Society complimented her with a medal, on which is engraved——"*For excellent Imitations of Pictures in Needle-work.*"—This was the first, and, we believe, the only instance of the Society's presenting a medal for this species of art.

Encouraged by this flattering distinction, Miss Linwood made great additions to her collection, and, in the year 1789, copied the Salvator Mundi, from a picture of Carlo Dolci, in the Earl of Exeter's possession, for which exquisite production she has since been offered the prodigious sum of three thousand guineas.

Miss Linwood is entitled to the patriotic praise of having wrought the *first banner* which was offered to any military association since the commencement of the present war, and had the honour of presenting it, in 1794, to the united corps of cavalry and yeomanry in Leicestershire. The very appropriate design was her own, and the workmanship was executed with a neatness which rarely has been united with so powerful an effect.

We have been informed, that Miss Linwood never was regularly instructed in drawing, which may be considered as the grammar of her art; but, certain it is, that, by studious application, she has acquired the powers of designing and executing, in crayons, distemper, and colours, with accuracy, taste, and spirit.

Her first thought of making an exhibition of her own paintings, originated from some pictures which were sent to the Royal Academy having been refused admission; as one of the regulations of that institution is, that they do not admit any thing to be exhibited in *needle-work*. Nothing can more completely evince the absurdity of such a regulation, than the applause and attention which Miss Linwood's performances have obtained from a discerning public; an attention which reflects equal credit on the taste of the metropolis, and the talents of the artist.

Among the cultivators of this new method of painting, the names of Lady Yates, of Mrs. Wright, and of Mrs.

Knowles, deserve to be respectfully noticed, for their excellent imitations of historical pictures, of fruit, and of flower-pieces; but it was reserved for Miss Linwood to produce a *gallery* of imitative art, which, considering its magnitude and excellence, must be deemed a monument, not only of uncommon genius, but of a persevering industry, which surpasses the labours of Penelope at her procrastinated web.

From the late and the present President of the Royal Academy her works have received the highest and most generous praise; and Sir Joshua Reynolds gave a sanction to *his* approbation, by pointing out such of his own pictures as would have the best effect in her copies. By him, as well as by the late Earls of Exeter and Gainsborough, she was favoured with many capital paintings, of which her admirable imitations are now exhibiting in Hanover Square.

IMPOSTORS.

THOSE numerous ignorant persons who obtrude themselves into the various professions, resemble the Musician mentioned by Father Du-Halde, in his history of China.

Nan—ko, for such was his name, perceived, that the Emperor, who was very musical, had a predilection for a certain instrument, and used to amuse himself by listening to three hundred musicians playing on it at the same time: he concluded, that, with a little effrontery, he might pass in the crowd, and gain an handsome appointment. Accordingly, though he did not know a single note, he contrived to be received in the band, in which he remained several years, without suffering detection in his fraud.

The Emperor, at length, died, and his successor, not being fond of boisterous music, wished to select a few of the best performers in the band, and, for that purpose, ordered each of them to play singly in succession.—What could

could poor Nan—ko do?——When it came to his turn he ran away!————Alas! how many situations in life would be deserted, were all Nan—ko's to follow his example!!

THE GENEROUS HOST.

THE Cardinal of Est one day invited the Cardinal of Redices to dinner. In the course of the evening, the latter, who was very fond of cards, prevailed on his host to introduce them. After playing several games with equal success, they were at length urged on by the spirit of the game to a bet of ten thousand crowns.——The Cardinal of Est, having looked at his hand, mixed his cards with the rest of the pack, thereby tacitly admitting he had lost.

A gentleman present, who had seen the Cardinal's cards, and knew he must have won had he played them, took an opportunity of interrogating him on this strange conduct.

"I knew very well," answered Cardinal Est, "that I must have won; but I was betrayed into the bet by my passion for play; and, on consideration, I did not think I ought to invite my friend to my house to strip him of his money!"

HABIT.

HABIT is a second nature, and always more difficult to correct than even Nature itself; as an example of this, has been cited the Tailor, in whom the habit of cabbaging was so strong, that he cabbaged from himself. In further proof, we might also take a review of all the anecdotes, whether true or false, of gamblers, drunkards, &c.; from whence we should find, that, if good habits be rare, bad ones [shame to humanity!] are innumerable.——Can it be true, then, that man is by Nature more prone to evil than good? This, indeed, would be a mortifying truth.

Habits are of two kinds——Physical and Moral. Physical habits are most easily conceived and explained. Nothing is more natural than the tendency of the fibres, once moved by any taste or want, to be moved again by the same causes. Physical habit must also be the easiest to correct, because the body is subjected to the inclinations of the mind, while the principle to restrain moral habit is of the same nature with that which supports it; and, between two equal powers the victory must remain doubtful.

Habit, like all other affections, has its advantages and its disadvantages: the habit of pleasure, for instance, is baneful; it dulls enjoyment, and renders privation painful. The habit of pain, on the contrary, renders grief tolerable, blunts its thorns, and prepares the mind to feel with more vivacity the impression of pleasure.

Vice is a habit, and *Virtue* is not. Virtue is only an effort, and the object of all wise and rational philosophy is to reduce it to a habit. It is just, however, to say, that human frailty is such, that, notwithstanding the constant practice of good, it still costs it something to sacrifice its affections to its duties: all that habit can do is, to render the struggle less unequal, and the victory more sure; were it otherwise, there would be no longer an occasion for effort, and then virtue would cease to be virtue.

It was this principle of reducing virtue to a habit which formed the basis of the Stoick philosophy; but the habits which it inculcated required minds of great fortitude; and all the world does not know how to feel the full force of this maxim of Horace,

Levius fit Patientia,
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.

Ev'n deep regret shall yield, by Patience eas'd:
We learn to bear what we despair to mend.
BOSCAWEN'S *Translation.*

A Turk took it into his head to get married: he solicited the hand of the daughter of a friend.——Now, it must be

be remembered, that, in Turkey, men marry before they have seen the lady; and for her beauty they must rely on the accounts of that Goddess, or rather that Monster,—— Fame.

Moreover, the bridegroom had received from Nature an enormous nose, under the shade of which one half of his countenance was protected from the rays of the sun.—The marriage was celebrated, and the lady consigned to his arms; but, instead of a beauty, as his imagination had painted her, he found himself in possession of a woman hideously ugly. Such was his despair, that he informed his bride he could never bear her.

"And yet," answered the lady, "it might not prove a difficult task."

"How so?" replied the husband.

"Why," rejoined she, "by the same necessary conduct which has enabled you to bear your nose in the middle of your face!"

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XXV.

To the Old Woman.

Madam,

LAST summer, having spent several weeks at Southampton on a melancholy occasion, as I was one day taking a solitary ramble over the fields, behind Moira Place, I happened to pick up a Lady's Memorandum Book, which, on looking over, contained neither name nor clue to direct me to the owner, nor could I ever hear that any enquiries were made to recover it. Thus circumstanced, I felt myself at liberty to peruse the contents, which left little

tle impression on my mind; and my casual acquisition was almost forgotten, till I read your last paper, in which you produce, I am sure with the best intentions, some extracts from the journal of the sensible and humane Hortensia.---- I then recurred to my Southampton treasure, and found the contrast in general so striking, between the disposition, the views, and the pursuits of the two ladies, that I thought it might not be unamusing, or uninstructive, to lay a week's employment and engagements of *Flirtilla* (as I shall name her) before your Readers.

The lady from whom I have borrowed the following extracts, should they meet her eye, cannot be injured by their display, as not a single incident points to her situation or connexions; and, as far as her talents for observation and writing are concerned, she ought not to be offended, as I have faithfully adhered to the copy before me, even to the preservation of its curious orthography.

Monday.----Arrived at Southampton before dinner: took up our abode at the Dolphin. Mr. —— had been saying soft things to me all the way. ' I hate the fellow for his *tamness;* though he is as entertaining as a *munkey*, and I intend to play on him for my amusement, till I can pick up something better.

Having refreshed ourselves, we took a lounge round the town, which is vastly pretty, and pleasantly *situate.* As we were staring at the Bar, it's huge ramping lions, and its two *uncuth* giants, which seem as if they were placed to frighten strangers,——up comes a man in a leathern apron, and asked if we wanted lodgings. He told us he was a shoemaker, and could accommodate us *genteely* for three guineas a week; that the apartments overlooked the Bar, and that we might see all the fine folks passing and repassng from the windows.——Did not chuse to quit the inn during our short stay, and, therefore, told him, we could only give him an order in his line of business; which we accord-

accordingly did.——Rather fatigued; went to bed at midnight; dreamt of a lover; and, when I awaked, talked with Fanny, in bed, till ten o'clock.

Tuesday.——Plagued to get my hair dressed, in order to appear abroad. Attended the *toilete*, and made myself, as Fanny said, as charming as an angel. Looked out at the window, and sighed for London. Saw some unfashionable-looking people walking in the street, and sighed again for the dear enjoyments of town. Mr. —— said I had got the vapours, and he *grined*, and laughed, and *plaid antiques* to amuse me. Why did my mother suffer the *creter* to be of the party? But he is so attentive to old Madam, she likes his company, and thinks every body must do the same. Subscribed at Baker's library, though I hate reading. Bought some trinkets there. Walked down to the *Key*, and saw the odious sight of a muddy river and a few coal ships, with a parcel of greasy tars.—— Wished to go to the isle of Wight. Mr. ——— said we should, first fine day.

In coming up the street, who should we meet but the gay Lothario——a charming rakish fellow. Invited me to the ball next evening. Engaged to accompany him, that I might flirt a little with a person so much noticed at all public places. Mr. ——— looked gloomy, and I affected all the gaiety in my power, to *teise* him. Poor wretch!—he is only fit to amuse one, when one can catch nobody else.

In the evening promenaded towards *Bellvu*. Met several London friends——Glad to see each other——*Planed* excursions. Now it will be more tolerable. I love an eternal racket. What's life without enjoying it!

Wednesday.——Up early, and had breakfasted and dressed by eleven. Read three pages in a novel, but did not relish it. Threw down the book, and was going to sally out, to see who I could meet at the library. Sir ——, and Lothario, called to engage our party to accompany them to Netley *Abey*. Jumped at the proposal, as I hoped

to

to see *Munks* and *Nunns*, and to laugh at the queer animals. Rowed down the river with favouring wind and tide. Lothario close by my side, saying the sweetest things! Landed, and walked over a field or two. Came in sight of a ruinous building; and, to my astonishment, found that this was all we were to see! Concealed my chagrin——pretended to admire fragments of windows, and broken stair-cases, and ivy, and *them* sort of things. In a corner, beheld a beggar woman and three dirty brats, who had lodged there. Threw them some half-pence, and turned away from such squalid misery, which should not be suffered to appear. Mr. ——— stopped and talked to the *creter* and her children, and put his hand in his pocket to give her something. He has no taste for polite life, and is fond of low scenes, and of charitable *ax*, as he calls them. His notions are mean—very mean. Lothario and I rallied him on paying his addresses to the beggar-woman. He pitied, and we laughed.

The wind was against us in returning, but we got safe to the *Key*. What ugly fellows are boat-men! I like the water, if I could be attended by gentlemen only; but abominate vulgar fellows covered with pitch, and rags, and stinking of *tobaco*.

In the evening, dressed for the ball, which was pretty well attended. Lothario distinguished me from all the rest; and the envy of the ladies rose in proportion to his attentions to me. Mr. ——— looked blank. The fellow seems really to be in earnest; but he never shall have a place in my heart. Lothario I like best at present; but I have seen few hitherto, at this place, which I can like at all.

Dreamt of my swain; and, though I went to bed late, I rose early,

Thursday.---Mr. ——— having previously hired a vessel to carry us to the Isle of Wight, I was obliged to accompany him, without having the dear pleasure of engaging more agreeable society. Our voyage was pleasant

at

at its *comencement*, and the shores of Southampton water, for such as love rural scenes, are, no doubt, thought very fine; for my part, I see little beauty in grass and trees, unless I was disposed to graze, or hang myself. Some of the seats, however, that line the banks, were pretty.—— Lutterel's Folly looks something like a windmill. Calshot Castle makes very little figure; but just as we passed it the wind rose, and we were tossed about in a frightful manner. The salt-water entered the very cabin; and I, who have an aversion to it, was ready to expire with fear. —Mr. ———— tried to cheer us up; but, poor *creter!* he was visibly as much terrified himself as we were; and, therefore, I plucked up spirits to laugh at him; particularly as the captain assured me there was no real danger.

When we landed at Cowes, I was so sick and weary, that the effect of novelty was disregarded. Took up our quarters at the Fountain Inn; and, gradually recovering from the consequences of a complete tossing (worse than in a blanket), we traversed the little ugly town, and then walked some way along the *beech*. The smell of sea-weeds, fish, and other filth, was intolerably offensive. The people looked all like sailors, and I soon found that I was completely out of my element.

Friday.----Took a drive to Newport, and Carisbrooke Castle, and passed some extensive *baracks* in our way.— Several handsome fellows of officers were on the parade; amongst the rest Captain ————, whom I had frequently met at Bath. He joined our party; and, in order to *teise* Mr. ————, had a flirtation with him during an excursion. Newport is a pretty little town, and pleasant enough for a person who delights in being out of the world. The girls here are reckoned very handsome: to be sure, they have natural white and red in abundance; and in the country, this, perhaps, is esteemed beauty. Carisbrooke Castle is a ruin, and a desert: we saw only the woman who shews it, and the jack-ass that raises the water from an amazing deep well.

Intended

Intended to return by the packet to Southampton at five; but, just as we were going on board, Lothario had arrived in a hired vessel, with superior accommodations, and an agreeable party; and he insisted on Fanny and I going back with him.——Mr. ———— looked sheepish, and this determined me to accept the offer. Our passage was pleasant, and both vessels got to Southampton nearly at the same time. Had a concert in the evening, but listened chiefly to the charming music of Lothario's tongue.

Saturday.----Rain *incesant.* What a pity!——We had engaged ourselves to drive in carriages to Lyndhurst, and to be quite rural for the day. Tumbled over some books from the library, but was too much chagrined to mind what they were about. In the evening visited Broadlands and Romsey. Pretty agreeable;—but find I shall soon be tired of this *nibourhood*——for Lothario goes in a few days.

Sunday.----Mr. ———— asked us to accompany him to the New Church; and, having no engagement on my hands, thought I must have condescended so far; but just as we were setting out, thanks to my stars! came Lothario, and informed us, he had hired a vessel to go up the *Itching* to Woodmill, and begged the honour of our company.——Mr. ————, pious soul! would go to church with my mother;—so Fanny and I went a sailing.——Oh! how delightful!—but, as we were coming back, and enjoying the scene and the society, Lothario, in a fit of gallantry, determined to manage the boat, and a puff of wind overset her in an instant! We were thrown out in water six feet deep, and, had it not been for the boatmen, perhaps, might have sunk. I was compietely drenched in the tide; but Lothario's compliment,—" that I looked like Venus rising from the sea," helped to cheer me a little.——Never more, however, will I venture in a boat! Mr. ———— said, it was a judgment on us for not going to church.——Poor *creter!*—I shall never go to church with him, *if I can help it!*

TO

TO THE OLD WOMAN.

My Dear Old Woman,

I BEG you to procure the insertion of the following in that entertaining work, the Monthly Museum; and I entreat your opinion and advice on my case, which, not to intrude on your time, I will state as concisely as possible.

Nearly two years since, affairs of importance called my better half to the Continent—Prudence forbade me to accompany him, and I obeyed her voice! I am, therefore, one of those unfortunate beings, called a Widow Bewitched. ———Alas! that vivacity which was once the delight of my friends and the envy of the envious, is now no more; and the firm belief that God is the best judge of what is fit for us, is my only support.——Heaven knows, that sorrow and sadness have been my daily portion—for I married for Love!—and never, till the hour of separation, did I regret; for I was neither young nor foolish, old nor ugly: each moon was sweeter than that which went before.—Two lovely children were the fruits of an union sanctioned by affection: they are now my comforts—for them let me be thankful. But, as if the absence of my much-loved Lord—as if his vexations added to my own—as if the death of my most intimate friend (whose loss I must ever regret), were insufficient sufferings——behold, I am assailed where I least expected it!

Some time since, a gentleman, who has been many years well known to my husband, but whom I have never been acquainted with till since his absence, was sitting in my parlour;—a lady came in, and, in a short time, the gentleman went away: she, soon after, began thus:——

"Does Mr. ———— call on you frequently?"

"I scarcely know how to answer you," replied I:—"it depends, I believe, mostly on his business, which brings him this way; on his leisure, and the news of the day which may be interesting to me."

"Do you often visit his family?" she rejoined.

"Not so frequently as I should like to do, from the regard I feel for their amiable qualities; for they are immersed in gaiety, and my wretchedness keeps me away, when it would be the wish of my heart to enjoy their society."

"If Mr. ——— calls on you often, you will soon alter your opinion, for his wife is the most jealous woman alive."

"But—good God!" exclaimed I, "she cannot be jealous of me!—for he offers me no services nor civilities which he does not tender to twenty women besides myself, and who accept them much less scrupulously than I do, because I hate to be under an obligation. However, she is not jealous of me; for she has entered so kindly into my distresses, and pressed me so affectionately to visit her, that I am satisfied."

"Ah!" said my visitor, "that is a deception, to watch you."

A little more conversation of a similar kind left me but ill at ease, and at some loss how to act: I have seen the family since, but never with that freedom and pleasure that I did before. With respect to the gentleman, I have refused from him those common civilities which I should have accepted from any man in the world besides himself; I have refrained from requesting any of those little services, which, situated as I am at present, would have been to me considerable. I have gone out when I thought he might possibly call: I am sure he often thinks that I behave oddly, and I believe his family think so too. I have been several times upon the point of desiring that he will entirely absent himself; but what reason shall I give?——I cannot say—"Sir, your lady is jealous!" To tax a woman with jealousy when she is not so, is an insufferable insult to her understanding; and it would, besides, argue a degree of vanity, of which I am not mistress. I frankly confess, I *did* wish the friendship and society of the

the lady and family; and that pride which makes one reluctantly receive those civilities which one is not able as sumptuously to return, would alone have deterred me from cultivating the connexion.——I now entreat the lady, whose eye this may possibly meet, that if ever there has been in her breast a sentiment of jealousy on my account, she will root it out for ever; and assure herself, that, however appearances may flatter her in the midst of a rout, she has not there one friend who loves and honours her so much as I do.

Your most obedient, &c.

P. S. Do, my dear Old Lady, say a few words on the uncharitableness of the world to women in my situation, and who may, like me, be so unfortunate as not to have relations at hand. If they associate with any men at all, it is ten to one but they are scandalized: the men are either too old, or too young; or, if either single or married, some ill-natured being will be sure to notice it to their disadvantage. Now, as the society of men is more free from that punctilious arrangement than that of women in general, so it gives more relief to sorrow. Grief takes little delight in arranging parties; and, however one might be delighted with the company of some people, the *zest* evaporates when it is to be viewed for a fortnight in *perspective*. A man drops in unexpectedly, and breaks the chain of a melancholy reverie: if one is so absent as to forget, for a time, or entirely forget, some of those enquiries which are dictated both by kindness and politeness, he justly attributes it to one's anxiety, and not inclination. ——How few women will do so! But that there are some few I have the happiness to be assured.

There is another situation in which women like me are peculiarly subject to censure or disappointment. I will instance it thus:——A lady wishes to go to the play—*it is not a fashionable one;* she sends to one family—a member is sick; to another—they have an engagement; to a third—they have seen it, or are not inclined to see it:——

she might go this round to eternity;—or there may be a family going, whom, if they were to ask her, she would be happy to accompany; but if she was to ask them, they might think they conferred a favour; and, as her ideas and their's might not coincide in that point, it stops.——A gentleman drops in, and, in the course of conversation, her wish to see the play escapes her:—he offers his services——she goes. If he is gay (I mean cheerful), and unmarried,—"I wonder," exclaims Prudilla, "that Mrs. Such-a-one would go with a rake!"———If he is grave,—"Ah!" says another, "that grave face of his is only a cloak."———If he is married (though the lady may be his wife's most intimate friend),—"I wonder," says a little bit of Ill-nature, who thinks all attention ought to centre in herself, "I wonder how she can take a married man from his family!"——Well, then, to avoid all this, she goes alone;—she is attended to the theatre, and seen safely seated in a box:—the ladies make remarks*———

"A poor forsaken She, you know,
"Can do no credit to a Beau."

The gentlemen are———No—I will not say they are impertinent on the occasion (for I have gone alone, and never experienced any such behaviour).———The Fable of the Old Man and his Ass occurs to one's mind——To please every body is to please nobody.———A strict adherence, therefore, to Honour and Virtue, and a full confidence in that Being who seeth not as man seeth, but judgeth the *heart*, is, and must be, the consolation of

A Widow Bewitched.

* This, it is true, is not the case in London, where it is not uncommon to see ladies without gentlemen; but, in provincial towns, where "scandal is busy," they would by no means omit making the most of such a circumstance.

The

The Caſtle De Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

CHAP. I.

" Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
" Their homely birth, or parentage obscure!
" Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
" The short and simple annals of the Poor!"

SLOWLY and heavily the bell of the great clock in the turret tolled out three: the gloomy mists of night were gradually dispersing, while a faint yellow, tinging the eastern hemisphere, already indicated the approach of day.---Matilda started from her couch yet wet with tears, and which had that night afforded her but broken and imperfect slumbers. Fearing that she had exceeded the appointed time, she hastily arrayed herself in her simple habit; and, bending mournfully over the bed of the yet sleeping Raymond, bestowed innumerable kisses on his dimpled mouth.

" Sweet babe!" cried she in an agony of tears: " perhaps I for the last time view thy lovely countenance!---no longer shall I receive pleasure from thy innocent endearments! Oh! why does Virtue demand this painful sacrifice!——My dear Lady, too----all---all lost!!"

Again she pressed her lips to those of the child, who opened his eyes, and, fixing them on Matilda, smiled sweetly. The smile undid all her resolution; and, seating herself by his side, she soothed him with her accustomed tenderness, heedless of the passing time. The clock again reminded her of her tardiness, and with reluctance she replaced the child; and, casting a mournful look round her little apartment, departed.

With trembling steps and perturbed heart she descended the great staircase. All was yet profoundly still. At the

appointed spot she met Jaques, who waited (faithful to the trust reposed in him) to open the gate for her,

"Alack! Matilda," said he, brushing away an involuntary tear with the sleeve of his coat, "are you, then, determined to quit us? Sorrowful will be the day to us poor servants! Don't you remember the many merry dances we have had in this hall, and how jealous Claude and Felix used to be, when you gave me your hand in preference?"

"Yes!" said Matilda, raising her eyes to Heaven with fervor——"think not that I shall ever forget the many happy days I have passed under this roof. But do not, my best friend, endeavour to alter, by your lamentation, a determination you so well know the necessity of."

"But, surely, Matilda," said Jaques, "you will not *now* be so coy as to deny me a parting salute!"

Matilda smiled through her undried tears, and, giving him her hand, said——

"Receive my thanks for your kind services. Day now breaks on apace: I must bid you adieu. I well know that it is needless for me to bid you remember Matilda."

Jaques took a purse from his pocket, and, pressing it into her hand, said——

"Accept this, my dear girl: when the contents are expended, the purse will remain as a small token of remembrance."

She assured him that the liberality of her Lady had rendered his gift unnecessary; but, rather than hurt his generous spirit, she accepted it. He then softly, though unwillingly, opened the door, and, again bidding her tender adieu, closed it after her.

She tripped nimbly across the lawn, but her heart did not keep pace with the swiftness of her feet. When she had travelled about three quarters of a mile, tired and breathless, she threw herself upon the grass, and with tearful eyes contemplated the distant battlements of Warrenne Castle.

Matilda,

Matilda, at this period, had just completed her fourteenth year. Her figure was elegantly formed, and though it had not yet attained its perfect stature, was nevertheless far from contemptible. Her complexion, exquisitely fair, was admirably contrasted with a profusion of chesnut-coloured hair, which fell in careless ringlets over her forehead and bosom. Her eyes were bright and piercing, and the contraction of the eyes at the temples gave an expression of archness highly fascinating. Her dress consisted of a gray camlet jacket and petticoat, neatly bound with black ribbon, which served to exhibit to advantage her fine shape. A net fillet confined the superfluous hair, over which was tied a little black chip hat; and a pair of blue silk mittens completed her dress, at once simple and becoming.

Such was the person of our little heroine, as she sunk fatigued and exhausted upon the turf. Her little bundle, containing her change of linen, she disengaged from her arm, and for a few moments freely indulged in an extravagance of grief: then, more composed and refreshed, she rose, and pursued her solitary journey.

The parents of Matilda were poor industrious peasants in the province of Chantilly, whose only pleasurable relaxation from labour was in the infantile sports of their darling girl. As her personal attractions daily increased, her mind proportionably expanded; and her eagerness for instruction far exceeded their means of gratification. One accomplishment it was in their power to afford her:—— Matilda had a sweetly plaintive voice, and warbled the little rustic airs with peculiar grace. The savings of a twelvemonths economy were expended in the purchase of a lute, on which a neighbouring cottager instructed her to play, and in a short time perceived that his pretty pupil made such rapid progress in the wonder-working science, as to attract the notice of every passing traveller. On an evening, when her allotted household task was finished, she usually seated herself upon the mossy bench at the door

door of their hut, and played madrigals for the amusement of her young village companions, who thronged delighted round her.

On one of these occasions, the cheerful party were dispersed by the approach of a carriage, containing a lady and gentleman. Matilda, abashed, put up her lute, and was returning into the cottage; when the lady, perceiving, and struck with her appearance, beckoned her to them.---Trembling, with modest timidity, Matilda approached, and, curtsying respectfully, requested to know if she should procure them any refreshment.

The lady regarded her attentively, and demanded her name, with several other questions, which she answered with less embarrassment. Pleased with her manner, the strangers alighted; and, after taking some fruit and milk, made her an offer to accompany them back in their carriage, to view the Castle.

Elated with the prospect of such a distinguishing honour, it was accepted by the humble family with a profusion of thanks; and Matilda, delighted with the grandeur of her new company, gladly repaired with them to Warrenne Castle. Lady De Warrenne, charmed with the person and behaviour of her lovely guest, felt unwilling to relinquish her, and with some little difficulty prevailed upon the simple cottagers to permit her attendance upon little Raymond.

Sir Arthur De Warrenne had been a firm adherent to the cause of his Sovereign, John. Some domestic concerns had obliged him to desert his paternal estate in Ireland, and fix his residence in France. His unshaken fidelity to his Monarch, though exerted in a bad cause, could not but reflect honour on his character, as firm allegiance should ever distinguish a courtier. He possessed generosity and valour, but at the same time he gave way to an impetuosity of temper which rendered him unfit to bear disappointment or contradiction: pride, avarice, and ambition, were his predominant passions.

Early

Early in life he received the hand of an amiable and accomplished woman; but as no children were likely to crown his wishes, not even the amiable disposition of his wife could prevent him from treating her with the grossest disrespect; and his temper, always irritable, received additional mortification from this grievous disappointment.

Indulging his spleen one day in a solitary ramble, he perceived at the foot of a tree a large parcel: stooping to take a nearer view, his surprize was extreme to observe it agitated with a gentle motion; and, raising it with his hand, found it to contain an infant boy wrapped in costly cloaths. Upon unfolding the cloth with which it was envelloped, he found it to contain a necklace and cross, of diamonds, of considerable value; with a note, which he instantly opened, in which were these words:---

"Should Providence direct any one hither ere this unfortunate babe has breathed its last, let pity plead in their breast for the innocent victim of pride and tyranny!---one born of noble blood, though driven by persecution to this fate. A time may come when its wretched parents shall dare to claim their Raymond.------ Till then, oh! stranger, be thou his protector!---Heaven will be thy reward."

Sir Arthur mused some time upon the strangeness of the event. His humanity, actuated also by some secret motives, inspired him with a resolution highly favourable to the abandoned infant. Despairing of having a natural heir to his ample possession, he determined to adopt Raymond for his son. Filled with this intention, as resolute as sudden, he carried the child home, and presented it to his lady, relating the adventure, and insisting upon her receiving it as her own.

Ever accustomed to implicit obedience, Lady De Warrenne gave an immediate consent, notwithstanding her own misfortune more powerfully affected her, at the idea

of

of fostering in her bosom a child of unknown origin. The innocent and engaging looks of the infant soon reconciled her to the necessity, and in a short time her affection for it was little short of what it would have been, had it in reality possessed a natural claim to her love.

It was at this time that Sir Arthur and his lady met with Matilda, in the manner related. It instantly occurred to them, that her assistance would be of material service to lighten the fatigue Lady De Warrenne experienced in her indefatigable attendance upon Raymond. Sir Arthur, whose good humour had lately been unbounded, joined in the wish, and Matilda returned with them.

At first, her youthful fancy, dazzled with the prospect of living in such splendour, readily acquiesced in their request; but, upon sight of the large antique Castle, with its mouldering walls and heavy iron gates, her courage failed, and she heartily repented her rashness in quitting the pretty pleasant cottage of Leonard and Pauline. Time, however, at length reconciled her to her situation; she soon loved little Raymond with the most lively affection, and for some time her happiness was unbounded.

The death of Pauline was the first real affliction her gay and artless bosom had ever experienced, and she mourned her loss with true filial piety. Lady De Warrenne generously defrayed the expenses of the funeral, and presented Matilda with the mourning before described. The first grief being at length subsided, she began to regain her accustomed gaiety. Her vivacity and good humour endeared her to all the domestics, and the praises of Matilda were sounded from every tongue.

Her felicity was to prove but of short duration. Those charms which are erroneously supposed productive of happiness to the possessor, were, in reality, to her the sources of misfortune.

The engaging child soon expanded into the lovely woman, and Sir Arthur found a passion glowing in his breast stronger than *humanity*. Ever ardent and impetuous in his

his projects, he hesitated not to make her acquainted with the sentiments she had inspired; entreating, nay demanding, a return, as a compensation for the obligations she was under to him.

Poor Matilda heard him with a look of horror and astonishment. She rushed from his presence, in spite of his efforts to detain her, with detestation strongly depicted upon her expressive countenance. Hastening to her chamber, she flung herself upon her knees, and with uplifted hands implored the Almighty protection. She rose inspired with fortitude and resignation, and debated with herself what plan to pursue.

The penetrating eyes of Lady De Warrenne soon discovered her uneasiness, and with maternal tenderness pressed to know the cause. Unable to reply, she shunned her presence. Again Sir Arthur met her, and, seizing her hand, forcibly demanded her detention. She screamed with affright, and with a sudden spring disengaged herself from his grasp. Sir Arthur, his countenance distorted with rage, muttered, as she fled, that----if entreaty and gentle methods could not prevail with her, force should compel her to accede to his wishes.

She was tottering on the staircase, overcome with dread; a faint sickness came over her; her eyes and limbs refused their office; and she fell from the top to the bottom.——When she recovered, she found herself in the arms of Jaques, whose honest heart, sympathizing in her distress, prompted him to give her all the assistance in his power.---She imparted, in confidence, to him her situation: adding, that she would rather herself experience the greatest calamity, than give pain to her Lady, by making her acquainted with the baseness of Sir Arthur; for which reason she determined secretly to quit the Castle, and return to her father, to whom she might be of service in his declining years.

The generosity of Lady De Warrenne having supplied her so liberally as to satisfy her present wants, for the future

future she trusted to her own cheerful industry. Jaques, though deeply struck with the sense of her virtue, offered some objection, to no purpose: she was positively fixed in her laudable design; and, after gaining him over to her interest in the manner related, quitted the Castle De Warrenne.

CHAP. II.

For, in her helpless years, depriv'd of all,
Of ev'ry stay,—save Innocence and Heav'n!

THOMSON.

MATILDA reached her father's cottage just as the sun withdrew its last ray. The inhabitants of the village were all retired within their huts; and the stillness of the scene around increased the gloom of her spirits. She approached their humble mansion-----the door was closed-----it was unusual----and her heart beat high with apprehension.——With a fluttering hand she raised the latch, and beheld the venerable Leonard seated in an arm-chair, supported by cushions. In an instant she was at his feet.

"Ah! Matilda," said he, in a feeble voice, "I feared I should never see thee more! But, what means this sudden return?"

Matilda could not speak: she pressed his hand to her lips, and, hiding her face in his lap, sobbed bitterly.

"Matilda," exclaimed Leonard, drawing her still nearer to his heart, I am dying----I shall soon join my sainted Pauline."

"Oh! my father," cried Matilda, "do not say so----what will become of your child? She will not have a friend on earth, when you are gone, to supply your loss."

She then explained to him her situation. He heard her with astonishment; and when she had finished, he clasped his arms round her, and exclaimed, with emotion——

"Fear not, my child----Heaven will reward your virtue. Trust to that Providence which has hitherto never deserted

deserted you. It gives me great satisfaction to find that the meanness of thy education has not obscured the lustre of thy birth."

Matilda, surprised at his words, interrogated him as to their meaning.

"It is useless, my child," said he, "to conceal the truth from you; the period approaches when all deception must end: know, then, Matilda, you are not my daughter. —I once was servant to a nobleman of distinguished merit; my faithful services endeared me both to him and my lady, who ever distinguished me from the rest of their domestics; and, when I courted Pauline, they portioned her, and settled me in the cottage where I have dwelt ever since. My lord died soon after I quitted his service.—Alack! then, there were sad doings!—his brother, a man cruel and imperious, came to the Castle, and forcibly took possession of the estate; accusing my lady of holding criminal intercourse with one of the domestics, by that means attempting to prove the infant illegitimate; but, at the same time, pretending to compassionate her, on account of her youth and beauty, he had her sent to a nunnery, where, in all probability, she has long since ended her days.

"One evening, as we were sitting down to our homely meal, Pauline and I were alarmed by the trampling of horses close to our cottage; and presently our door was opened by a well-drest man, who delivered into my hands a lovely little infant, for which, in the ever-honoured name of my dear lady, he besought my protection. He excused himself from explaining particulars, but informed me, that it was the wish of his lady that you should be kept, as long as possible, ignorant of your real parents; nor was I even permitted to reveal your name under any circumstances whatever. The only memorial of your identity is a small locket, which you will find in the drawer of that little cabinet, the gift of your unfortunate mother to my wife: by that token you may one day be discovered.

Till then rest satisfied; and remember, my Matilda, in all your hours of adversity, that a superior Power guides your fate, and that the Supreme Judgment is unerring:—learn, then, to bear with resignation whatever ills may befal you!"

Matilda, unwilling to distress him with her own emotion, suppressed, as much as possible, her feelings; and his increasing illness took from her all other concern, and she attended him with unceasing care. Her tender zeal soothed the pains of infirmity, but could not prolong his existence beyond its limited period; and, a few days after her arrival at the cottage, Leonard expired in her arms!

Overpowered with grief, Matilda continued motionless at the bed-side of Leonard, until awakened to a painful sense of her desolate situation by the old woman who had attended him since the death of Pauline;——who wondered, she declared, what good fretting and crying there would do.

Matilda, thinking it adviseable to make this woman her friend, rose from her suppliant posture, and, wiping away her tears, assured Maud she would do whatever she thought best: then, with forced composure, seated herself at the table, and affected to partake of the repast with which Maud was plentifully regaling herself. Her politeness gratified the old lady, who, in her turn, begun to take more complacent notice of her companion.

"And, so, miss," said she, in a voice rather softened, "you have lost your father!—Ah! well—it's a sad thing, to be sure; but, pray, what is it you mean to do now?—you are not strong enough for hard work."

"Any thing, good Maud," replied Matilda; "I am not ashamed to earn an honest livelihood by labour, should I find it necessary."

"That's right," replied Maud; "for most girls now are too proud or too lazy to work. When I was a girl——."

Matilda, unwilling to hear the recapitulation of her youthful exploits, interrupted her, by saying——"Truly, Maud, my situation is a melancholy one!"

"Melan-

"Melancholy enough!" returned the old woman, shrugging her shoulders, and looking apprehensively around; "for my own part, I don't much like moping here with a coffin in the room:—'tis very dismal, and I hope it will be soon removed."

To this *feeling* harangue Matilda made no reply. The next words of Maud caught her attention:——

"To be sure," resumed she, "I could tell you of a situation, where you would not be very hard worked; but that would not be much better than burying yourself alive."

"Name it, I entreat you," said Matilda, impatiently.

"It is to take charge of a mad lady," said Maud.

"A mad lady!" re-echoed the disappointed Matilda; but, recollecting herself, she resumed:—"but is she very bad—incurable?"

"Santa Marie!" exclaimed the woman, crossing herself;—"how should I know? I will tell you all the story—then you may judge.——A great baron, William de Barome, I think his name was, rebelled against the king of England; and, after affairs were settled, refusing to give up his son as an hostage, was ordered by John into confinement, with all his family. The baron, however, made his escape; and it is supposed that the lady found means to dispose of the child, for neither have been heard of since: she is now under the care of Sir Roger de Lacy, and is reported to be raving mad. I have a sister who has attended her these two years, in a lone Castle; but she writes me word that she is tired of the solitary life she leads, and means to resign her place, though she does not care to leave the poor soul without an attendant. I would offer myself to supply her place, but am too old to go travelling about now: so I think you might undertake it, if you are not afraid to cross the sea."

"Never fear," said Matilda: "if you are willing to recommend me, I will not let trifling obstacles impede me."

They then parted—Maud to arrange her household concerns, and Matilda to inspect the cabinet mentioned by Leonard. Within the drawers she found the locket described: it was in the form of an eagle supporting a coronet; the wings of the bird beautifully shaded with coloured gems; the coronet of rubies; on the back was a device in dark hair, with a cypher, W. B. In another drawer she found a folded paper, in which was gold and silver coin to the amount of about one hundred and fifty pounds; and a plait of light auburn hair. On the envelope was written, in the hand of Leonard——"The gift of my lady to Pauline du Pont; preserved, entire, for the use of her daughter Matilda."

Matilda was sensibly affected at the benevolent intentions of Leonard, and her tears flowed unrestrained.—Knowing it would not be in her power to take the large cabinet with her, she packed her little memorials in a separate case, and prepared to give orders for the interment of Leonard. When his remains were consigned to their native earth, she felt all the affliction of a daughter. The debt of gratitude paid, Matilda waited, in anxious suspense, the answer to a letter of introduction which she had written to Mrs. Barlow, Maud's sister; and tedious did the time seem that intervened. At length her uneasiness was removed by the arrival of a favourable answer from Mrs. Barlow, who readily resigned her office.

In a few days all was ready for Matilda's departure, and her passage taken in a trading vessel then bound for England. In respect to Maud, Matilda presented her with their little cottage, and all the effects they possessed; and, after writing an affectionate farewell letter to Lady de Warrenne, visited the grave of Leonard, and bedewed it with the tears of sensibility; then, with a heart more oppressed than usual, stepped into the boat which was to convey her to the ship. A faint sickness came over her as she was lifted up the side of the vessel. The sailors paid her every attention, kindly seated her on deck, and, wrapping a watch-

watch-coat round her, left her to her own meditations; while they, with cheerful hearts, weighed anchor, and, a favourable gale springing up, soon lost sight of land.

CHAP. III.

Ah! how beautie masters the most strong,
And simple truth subdues avenging wrong!

SPENCER.

FORTUNATELY there were other female passengers on board, from whom Matilda experienced the utmost kindness during her sickness, which was excessive; and her joy was great, when, after a tedious passage, they arrived at Torbay, from whence she could proceed with ease to the place of her destination.

At the place appointed she was met by the man who was sent by Mrs. Barlow to conduct her to the Castle, and who had been several days waiting the arrival of the ship. He greeted her in his uncouth dialect; and Matilda, sick, spiritless, or probably not comprehending him, mounted the horse provided for her in silence, which the man, offended at her reserve, did not attempt to break: in this cheerless manner they travelled near fourteen miles across a country rugged and barren. Accustomed to a warmer climate, Matilda found the cold bleak air intense; but the man, hardened to his native soil, felt not the inconvenience that her repeated shiverings declared her to suffer.

At length they arrived at the gates of a large gloomy-looking Castle. Her conductor, alighting, sounded a horn, which, echoing through the vaulted roofs, made the heart of Matilda shrink back, appalled. After waiting a considerable time, the rusty hinges began to creak; the gate was opened, and a woman made her appearance, who soon announced herself to be Mrs. Barlow.——Casting her piercing eyes upon the trembling girl, she muttered something in a disconcerted tone; and, with a slight inclination of her

head, led the way into a small saloon, furnished more commodiously than could have been expected from the external appearance of the building. When seated, Matilda had an opportunity of observing her companion, who, in her turn, paid no less attention to the dress and person of her guest.

The personal attractions of Mrs. Barlow were by no means prepossessing: her tall bony figure could boast but litle elegance or symmetry in the formation; and a pair of sharp-twinkling gray eyes, divided by a nose of enormous length, gave little charms to a countenance furrowed by age.

"You may well be surprised, child," said she, observing that Matilda surveyed her with a look of astonishment, "you may well be surprised, I say, that a person of my pretensions should bury myself in this frightful solitude, to associate with none but lunatics or ignorant country boors; but, I assure you, so far from wishing to enter the gay world, it is my sole desire to hide myself from the sight of man, where I shall be sure to avoid the temptations which delude so many of my sex into the paths of vice.----- But, I declare, I find this incessant confinement too much for my spirits; and my constitution, naturally delicate, is materially injured: so that I am glad you are come, for you look so dismally, that this place will be quite in your own style."

Matilda, in hopes to escape from her affected hostess, complained of fatigue, and requested to retire. Mrs. Barlow, with much good-nature, made her some tea, and then conducted her into a neatly-furnished chamber, where she told her she might rest that night, but that on the next she must take possesion of her chamber.

Matilda gladly wished her a good night. After offering up her orisons to Heaven for her safety, she prepared to take that repose which she was so much in need of. In the morning, Mrs. Barlow came into her apartment, and ordered her to prepare to visit their unfortunate maniac.---

Matilda

Matilda instantly dressed herself, and followed her conductress through a long gallery, hung round on each side with whole-length portraits of the celebrated warriors who had distinguished themselves in the family of De Lacy for centuries past. The next apartment they came to was a kind of armoury, from whence issued a pair of folding doors, through which they passed. In a magnificently furnished room stood a sofa, upon which reclined a lovely woman, in an elegant but careless undress. She raised herself at their entrance, and fixed her eyes on Matilda with a vacant stare, who beheld with lively compassion her piteous state. Her hair, a bright flaxen, hung dishevelled over her face and neck, and the most perfect insensibility sat on every feature.

Matilda softened into tears; gazed mournfully on the fair sufferer, who was tying in careless knots her long tresses. Mrs. Barlow soon contrived to draw Matilda from the room, and, leading her through the several apartments, instructed her in the nature of her new situation.

"This room," said she, speaking of one adjoining that in which they had left Lady Barome, "you may consider as your own: within it is the one where my lady sleeps; beyond it is a library, where you will find drawing and writing materials; the picture gallery is your boundary, which you are never to pass beyond, except on particular occasions. Whenever you want any thing, ring the bell, and Margery will attend you. Your sole business is to dress and undress my Lady, walk with her on the ramparts, a privilege she is necessarily allowed, and attend her at meals: the rest of your time you may occupy as you please. She is attended once a week by a physician, and sometimes Sir William takes it into his head to visit the Castle: on these occasions you must keep yourself as much as possible secreted. Margery will tell you of their approach."

The comfortable air the place wore, to what she had been led to expect, filled her with a gleam of satisfaction; and,

and the hope that her assiduous care might, in time, assist in recalling reason to the unhappy lady, made her determine to brave all other disagreeables, and she acquainted Mrs. Barlow with her settled resolution to attend upon Lady Barome.

Mrs. Barlow departed the next day, and Matilda repaired to the apartment of her lady, and assisted her to rise, who soon after sat down to her breakfast. A harp stood in one corner of the room, which Matilda, after running her fingers over the chords, found to be in tolerable tune. As Lady Warrenne had taken great pains to instruct her on that instrument, she was rather a proficient, and soon struck off a lively French air. The next which she chose was a plaintive, affecting strain, which she accompanied with her melodious voice. Wholly absorbed in her pleasing occupation, she for a while forgot her accustomed attention to Lady Barome, who had risen from her seat, and hung enraptured upon Matilda's chair. Perceiving the effect of the music, she continued to play, without appearing to notice her. In a little time she perceived the tears fall slowly down her cheeks. She then ceased playing, and Lady Barome, clasping her hands together, exclaimed——

"Oh! you are an angel!"

Matilda, joyful at her approaching return of reason, took this opportunity to inform her of the change in her household; but ere her tale was finished, the wandering senses of the beauteous sufferer were again fled. From that time Lady Barome had many short lucid intervals, during which she seemed to manifest the strongest partiality for Matilda, who omitted nothing that could contribute to soften the severity of her malady.

Lady Barome, being once more than usually tranquil, said to Matilda——

"I will now shew you my favourite spot, where I pass the only happy hours that I can experience in this miserable captivity!"

She

She then led the way to the picture gallery, where the first portrait that engaged the attention of Matilda, was that of a warrior, whose stature was almost gigantic. His features were boldly delineated, but his eyes seemed to gleam with cunning malignity.

"That," said Lady Barome, shaking and averting her head, "is my jailor, the owner of this Castle;---the Marquis De Lacy. Observe the youth who is trying on his helmet, while he wields his enormous sword, which he seems gloriously to bear."

Matilda needed not to have this object pointed out to her; her eyes were already fixed on a youth of graceful deportment, upon whose open countenance a glorious ardour seemed diffused, while his eyes were raised to the spectator with a look capable of inspiring the most enthusiastic sentiments of admiration.

"That," said Lady Barome, "is his son; the youthful and reputed amiable Valtimond."

They then passed several not worthy of notice. At length she stopped opposite a picture, representing a lady and gentleman, who hung with apparent fondness over a lovely infant.

"That is my sister, with her husband and child.---Another time I may, perhaps, be able to reveal to you the story of my misfortunes. But this," cried she, breaking from Matilda, and throwing herself on her knees before the portrait of a gentleman, "this engages all my attention!"

Matilda, with terror, perceived the wildness of her looks, and attempted to raise her; but she gave a tremendous shriek, exclaiming——

"Ah! barbarous!——attempt not to tear me from my lord——my husband!——I will stay with my William!---Hark!----his groans——oh! they have murdered him!!---Great God, he dies!"

She fell prostrate on her face. Matilda, struck with affright, ran into the adjoining room, and rang the bell with

with violence. Margery instantly appeared, who assisted to carry their lady to bed, where she continued some time in frantic delirium. Nature was at length exhausted, and she sunk into a torpid slumber.

During Matilda's residence at the Castle, Sir Roger had never once troubled them with his visits, and her time would have passed comfortably enough, had Lady Barome been in a state of convalescence. As it was, she worked, read, or (what she particularly delighted in) walked in the picture gallery, where she would incessantly dwell on the features of young De Lacy.

"Surely," said she mentally, "this youth cannot possess the base qualities of his father! He looks amiable and engaging."

Then she would seek to divest her mind of this fascinating object, by surveying the other portraits, but in vain: she as constantly returned, and again her eyes were rivetted on the attractive Valtimond.

(To be continued.)

THE EDITOR'S REPLY TO MRS. SAVEALL'S LETTER;

With some useful hints upon the government of the Temper.

Madam,

THOUGH my time in general is too much occupied to allow me to attend to every complaint, yet an evil which has existed for five-and-twenty years must be considered of too much magnitude not to obtain attention.

There, doubtless, madam, is no complaint more general than that of the depravity of the domestic race; but whether they indiscriminately deserve to be censured, I believe to be a doubt with every liberal mind.——Idleness and artifice, dishonesty and deception, are epithets attached to the whole of the tribe; and, as if human nature must degenerate because it descends, they are not allowed to possess a single virtue.

Though

Though the use of maxims cannot be considered either as a figurative or beautiful style, yet as Sense is sometimes substituted in the place of Elegance, I shall recommend one to your observation, no less applicable than those you studied when a child, namely——"*A good master makes a good servant.*"

As there are few tempers so obstinate and untractable as to act in opposition to kindness and condescension, so there are few dispositions, however well inclined, that may not be injured by over-stretched power. A mistress who is either suspicious or severe can never obtain the affection of her servants; and those attentions and civilities which authority extorts can afford little gratification to a liberal mind. Human nature is every where the same;—destroy confidence, and you weaken principle; and the servant who is unjustly accused of fraud, may sometimes practise it from motives of revenge.

I do not mean to assert, that there are no *bad* servants, or that their number may be ascribed to severity and reproof; but, I am persuaded, that the ill conduct of their superiors is the source from whence many of their failings arise. So powerfully are we impressed by the force of example, and so strong is its influence upon the human mind, that much may be said to palliate those failings which they see practised by those in a more elevated sphere.

To have endured an evil for five-and-twenty years might have convinced Mrs. Saveall that it originated in herself; for it is not possible to suppose, that, in such a space of time, no tolerable servant ever entered her house. A suspicious turn, and bad temper, appear to me to be the cause of the misfortune she laments; for an eternal wrangling about insignificant trifles must destroy attachment, and weaken respect.

Though few have the power of contributing to general happiness, yet within the domestic circle our abilities are unconfined: there we may yield to the delightful enjoyment derived from blessing and being blest.

The

The Scripture requires that we govern our *hearts*, and Reason assures us that our *tempers* require constraint; for, notwithstanding the many complaints of the calamities of human life, more are known to arise from ill-temper than ill-fortune. In vain may Providence bestow every external blessing, if care be not taken by ourselves to smooth the asperities of the temper, on which the happiness of others so greatly depends, and which I confess, madam, appears to be the sole cause of your own misfortune.

In advising Mrs. Saveall to subdue the asperities of her temper, I mean to suggest to all my fair readers the necessity and advantage arising from the practice; for so much of the happiness of private life depends upon it, that it cannot be too frequently or too strongly enforced. To cultivate the understanding has always been allowed an excellent method of refining the heart; for the more our Reason is strengthened and improved, the better she is enabled to keep her seat on the throne, and govern those passions she was intended to direct: besides the advantages which are derived from mental culture, in calling forth and increasing the powers of the reasoning faculty, it seems to possess an influence in humanizing the feelings, and, of course, rendering us more amiable members of society.

It is of infinite importance to happiness, that the mind should be accustomed, from infancy, to turn from deformed and painful scenes, and to contemplate whatever can be found of moral and natural beauty:——

"For the spirits," says an elegant and judicious author,* "under this benign management, contract a milkiness, and learn to flow all cheerily in their smooth and yielding channels; while, on the contrary, if the young mind is teased, fretted, and neglected, the passages of the spirits become rugged, abrupt, exasperated, and the whole nervous system seems to acquire irritability."

* Mr. Knox.

So

So much of the happiness of private life, and the virtue of mothers and daughters in particular, depends on the government of the temper, that it certainly ought to become a principal object of attention in the system of education; and the suffering children to tyrannise over their servants and dependants, is generally the foundation of that misery so frequently to be observed in domestic life. The virtues of benevolence, humility, and generosity, cannot be too early impressed upon the youthful mind; and had the father of Mrs. Saveall taken as much pains to instil those sentiments, as he did to enforce the necessity of saving and frugality, she might possibly have appeared as an ornament to the community.——To the lady herself I can only say, that the evil of which she complains will never be removed whilst she yields to the suggestions of meanness and suspicion, and makes herself an object of ridicule and contempt.

And that I have the honour to be,
Her obedient servant,
The Editor of the Lady's Museum.

ON CELIBACY AND MARRIAGE.

IN a Society of Gentlemen, who meet weekly for their mutual entertainment, the conversation one night turned upon Marriage; and as some of the members were married, and some unmarried, there were advocates for and against the conjugal state. The bachelors insisted much on the levity of women's tempers; their fondness for dress and show; their extravagance; their inconstancy; and the like.——It was observed by the gentlemen of the other side, that general censures hurt nobody; and that it was justly deemed illiberal and absurd to involve the whole in the guilt and miscarriages of a part.

The conversation, hitherto, had been general; but here an appeal was ludicrously made to the opinion of a young

gentleman in company, who had modestly declined taking any share in the debate, and who, about three weeks before, had married a very agreeable woman. He determined, without hesitation, that marriage was the happiest state upon earth.——To this judgment, however, a bachelor objected, as being given within the month.

"I determine not," said the young gentleman, "upon so narrow a bottom as my own, or any other single man's experience; I go upon the opinion of mankind,—the experience of all ages. Were not men's principles corrupted, and their prejudices strengthened by bad habits, they would as naturally fly to this state for happiness, as the branch adheres to the tree that supports it. From the neglect of one's duty, to the contempt of the rule which enjoins it, is a very natural transition. Men of debauched lives, and loose principles, first neglected marriage, and then reviled it.

"Had the law of marriage only been adopted where Judaism or Christianity prevailed, what advantages would not infidels and libertines have drawn from that circumstance?——But they know, and must acknowledge, that the case is quite otherwise. We find marriage an universal rite, which has prevailed in all ages, and in all countries; very different in mode, but in design and essence every where the same. Wherever virtue and simplicity of manners have prevailed, marriage has been in repute; as these have declined, men have gradually shaken off its salutary restraints. While our ancestors were uncorrupted by luxury and dissipation, their sons were healthy and brave,—their daughters amiable and virtuous: marriage was then esteemed honourable,—concubinage disgraceful. Experience shews, that education and example have great influence in forming the minds and manners of men and women: these, it must be owned, have had their natural effect, and the times are sadly changed. The happy talent of being content with the little that Nature wants is now rarely to be met with.——Ambition craves, Fraud and Oppression supply, and Luxury consumes; Vice and Folly,

Folly, like a deluge, bear all before them; Piety is fled, and Virtue droops the head.——If bad example can operate, if want of principle can inflame, no wonder if all ranks are corrupted; no wonder if honour, and duty, and gratitude, have no place in minds by education and bad example totally perverted.

"But while I thus, with just warmth, express my sentiments of the times in general, let me with candour and pleasure acknowledge, that there are illustrious and innumerable exceptions; that in all ranks may be found men and women of strict probity and virtue, who have had the happiness of a sober education, and decent example; and who are, consequently, in a good degree, qualified for discharging the respective duties of life with credit and applause.——Would people of virtue and principle, of both sexes, despising every other consideration, make it a rule to form connexions among these only, matters would quickly take a different turn among us;—then would the friends of virtue and religion be known and respected; then would the honour and peace of families be secure: the rains of adversity might descend, the winds of temptation might blow, the floods of bad example might beat, against a family thus founded upon principle; but it would stand, being built upon a rock. On the other hand, if both sexes, in the great and important concern of settling in the world, will suffer themselves to be chiefly influenced by mean and mercenary motives, the consequences must often be fatal to their own peace, and to the interests of society.

"'Tis true, my friend, I have not been quite a month married; but in less than half that time a man may make a shrewd guess of what he is afterward to expect.——It was neither her beauty, nor her fortune (though in both these respects she had some merit), that induced me to court the woman I have married; I have lived too long in the world, not to have observed that a woman may possess both these in a high degree, and yet be greatly deficient in those qualities which a man of sense would rather wish in

a partner for life. I thought my friend had good sense, an agreeable temper, and a feeling heart, and have, as yet, had no reason to think that I mistook her character. I am conscious that, in the course of our acquaintance and courtship, I never endeavoured to impose false qualities upon her, nor did I wish to conceal any peculiarities or foibles in my own temper and character: I should have looked upon such conduct as equally immoral and impolitic;—immoral, as it would have been plain deceit and over-reaching; impolitic, as I should have thereby exposed myself to her just reproaches afterward. I even acquainted her relations of some unfavourable circumstances in my worldly affairs, which they otherways could not have then known; for the man who can conceal the truth, and, much more, he who can tell a direct falsehood upon such an occasion, cannot respect himself, and, therefore, can never hope the esteem of a woman of sense and virtue.

"I have long thought it one of the capital reasons that so many marriages are unhappy, that the contracting parties fondly lay their account with an exemption from every thing disagreeable; an exemption which no human being is entitled to look for in this world, where every state of life has its own peculiar inconveniences. To have fewer of these than any other, or to have them counterbalanced with greater satisfactions, is sufficient to give marriage the preference in a considering mind. I believed my friend had many virtues, but I considered them as the virtues of a woman.

"I knew that accidents could ruffle, and often had ruffled, my own temper; and, therefore, told her, that she was neither to be angry nor disappointed if she sometimes found it so after we had come together. She was so far from being alarmed at this honest discovery, that, with an amiable sweetness in her voice and manner, she charmingly said——'If I knew myself perfect, I should hope perfection in you:—let us always mean well, and never expect too much.'

"Upon

"Upon these principles, and with these precautions, my friends, I have ventured upon the conjugal state; and I think I must be much wanting to myself if ever I have occasion to repent it. I knew perfectly well, that enlarging one's connexions was enlarging the circle of possible evils, and real distress; but I knew, likewise, that it was, by parity of reason, enlarging the sphere of one's enjoyments. To bear with the frailties, to share in the eventual distresses, of a woman of virtue, to whom one lies under the highest obligations, has so much of duty and gratitude in it, that, however painful, it can never be insupportable to a good mind. How agreeable must it be to share in all her pleasures, to contribute to her happiness, to rejoice in every thing propitious that happens to her!——I have now the happiness to know, that there is one person in the world to whom my concerns are very dear—one with whom I can have no reserves—one who, in sickness or in health, in affluence or in poverty, will stick by me closer than a brother, alleviate my distresses, and give a relish to my joys: in one word, I cheerfully subscribe to Mr. Dryden's opinion, that

'Our grandsire Adam ere of Eve possest,
'Though ev'n in Paradise, remain'd unbleft.'

The bachelor was just going to reply; but it wanting but ten minutes of eleven, the further consideration of the subject was put off till the next meeting. Z.

(To be concluded in our next.)

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."
SHAKESPEARE.

SIR,

I HAVE permission to send you the inclosed, which I lately received from a friend; the insertion of which in

your widely-circulating Miscellany, may, perhaps, remove the evil he therein complains of.

Yours, &c.

C———. H. C.

" Dear Harry,

" The eye of Friendship is always quick-sighted, and I am sure you must have perceived that something preyed on my mind when I saw you last; and that the smile I wore was not the symbol of pleasure unalloyed with pain: the truth is, I have long been unhappy, but could not find an opportunity to draw you aside to tell you the cause. Misery loves to be alone, and to indulge itself in musing; and in such a mood it is that you are now addressed by your once gay and lively friend. His heart, susceptible of the tenderest of passions, has long been devoted to the lovely Emma; and all his hopes of happiness, all his dreams of felicity, were founded in her; but the cruel mandate of his parents forbids him to indulge the flame, and has insisted on his obedience to their choice of another:—yes, Harry, they have fixed on a lady for your friend, and commanded him to address her on pain of their heaviest displeasure——because she is *rich*. She may be amiable, and, in the eyes of others, she may be beautiful; but Emma is amiableness—is beauty itself: and where is the power to command our hearts?——Alas! mine can never yield obedience;—every affection of it is gone already!

" I have *heard* that hope is fallacious; that our fairest prospects are beclouded by evil; and that joy withers, like the rose, before you can weave it into a chaplet to adorn your brow; and much, I fear, it is appointed for me to add another to the sad catalogue of those who have *felt* it. I have heard that we owe our parents much:—'tis true, they gave me being, they have fed me, and I owe them all; but, is the debt so large that nothing but a life of sorrow can cancel it?——Ah! me, they know not what a store

a store of evil they are laying up for the child of their bosom!———Mistaken parents! you may one day see, when past is the hour of repentance, that happiness is not the exclusive property of riches; and vain will be all the allurements of splendor to fill that chasm in the mind which your cruelty has made.———Alas! he was a hard creditor who exacted the 'pound of flesh' nearest his debtor's heart; but he is harder still who would take the heart itself.——What are riches and equipage to me, if Emma share it not—if I look round for the maid of my affection, and find her place supplied by one I cannot love? It would only be holding up my misery to the view of the world, and proclaiming to every eye——'This man is wretched!'

"In obedience to their commands, I have shunned her walks, avoided her company;—but yet she is ever with me: her image is engraven on my heart, and 'haunts me like an *injured* ghost implacable.' Nay, I cannot always shun her actual presence;—my friends are her's, and many a sad meeting does accident produce us.——I am doomed to be the sport of torture—doomed to behold her faded cheek, her downcast eye, which ever, as it fixes on me, beams with tenderness, yet seems to ask me why I have forsaken her? Involuntarily does she heave a sigh—her hand trembles—her tongue is silent; but her heart palpitates as if it would burst its prison to rush home.———Thus cruelly have I treated the maid I love; yet there is nothing like reproof in her manner—'tis all gentleness; she fears her own faults have produced it; and the lovely, spotless, unoffending girl, is searching for the cause in her own conduct. Little does she know how deep lies the evil, and that all her virtues, all her beauty, all her worth, are doomed to be in vain, and not to 'lure this tassel gentle back again!'——Let her go to my parents—they are the rulers of my destiny; let her ask of them, and they will tell her, that virtue is riches, and beauty is power; that poverty is vice, and humility is deformity.

formity. This is their creed; and, though you may think it the height of cowardice thus tamely to relinquish her, and to submit to the determination of others in a choice of this nature, 'tis bravery to obey them, and to bear an age of misery, because it spares an age of poverty to my love:—yes; I will keep to my purpose—I'll suppress the smile that used to welcome thee, my Emma, and the tender expressions of regard I was wont to pay thee:——but thou shalt view my faded form—my tearful eye—wilt hear of my sleepless nights and miserable days—and pity, not despise me!

"Oh! Avarice! thou tyrant of the human heart—thou dæmon, who rulest in the breast of sordid age, and driest up the fountain of Friendship—thou who wouldst quench the flames of Love, and dost absorb every generous feeling of Nature——alas! I feel myself to be thy next victim, and that the funeral pyre is already raised, on which I am to be offered up.————Forgive me, my friend, that I thus complain; send me consolation; and accept my most fervent prayer that you may never feel the sorrows of

"Yours, &c.

Stanch—e, May 20, 1800. "————."

A CHARACTER.

IN our search after instruction, we are apt to look up to great names, and great authorities; to consult the opinions of learned men, and to toil through the lore of ages that are passed, for what every day's observation will teach us, without any pains. We are too prone to be hunting after patterns of virtue, or examples of vice, amongst the dust of antiquity; but too often overlook the humble precepts that are discoverable around us, and the weeds and flowers that lie beneath the feet of every traveller.

Rhapsodia is a young lady of such beauty and accomplishments as would have commanded the love and admiration

tion of all her acquaintance, but has, unfortunately, contracted a fondness for literary pursuits, and carried it to such a pitch, as, by very intense application and industry, to have made herself mistress of four languages, and to have read almost all the learned books of approved excellence in them. She never advances an opinion which she does not support with the saying of some wise antient or other; and will run over a long string of hard names of Grecian and Roman heroes and philosophers, with as much ease and veneration as a Catholic will count her beads.—She talks of motion and gravitation, of entity and non-enity, of the divisibility of matter, and the immateriality of spirits; will admit of no position which has not been proved by a syllogism; whilst she ought to be making pastry, as some think, she is reading Tully; and, instead of sitting down to stitch a wristband, is following Xenophon in his retreat from Asia. Even the parson of the parish confesses that he trembles in her company, and cannot venture to speak a sentence in her hearing which has not been weighed in the scale of critical nicety. Nay, I knew a gentleman, in every other respect her equal, who was deterred from making her an offer of marriage by this very qualification of her's; saying, if he addressed her at all, it must be in heroics, not suffering any of the usual nonsense of love affairs to enter into the business. Another tells me he wants a wife who can talk to him on ordinary subjects in ordinary language; a third fears she would be spouting Greek at the tea-table; and a fourth, that he should go with holes in his stockings all the days of his matrimony, whilst she was reading Newton or Locke. Indeed, such is the general dread which her presence inspires, that not only half a dozen flippant tongues have been silenced at her approach [so far she is useful]; but also a modest man, of very good parts, has left a beautiful piece of moralizing unfinished, nor would ever resume it again, because she has entered the room.

We do not want to see our women disputing in the schools, or declaiming at the bar; we had rather see them domesticated,

ticated, as they ought to be, and shining only in the sphere in which they were designed to move. Such an instance as this, till the case grows a little more common, will continue to be looked on as a prodigy, and rather feared as a *comet*, than admired as a *star*.

C——. P. P. Q.

THE POOR SAILOR BOY.

——"HAVE you lost your way, my lad?" said I to a poor boy, who stood looking wistfully about him at the end of the alley. "Have you lost your way, my lad?" said I in a still softer tone of expression.

"Yes, your honour," answered he. "But, indeed," (as if recollecting himself) "I have no way to chuse; every place is a home to me, for nobody pities the poor sailor boy. I have sailed two voyages to Jamaica, your honour," continued he, "and, on my return from the last, took a long journey to visit my father: his name is George Trueman; but he disowned me; said I was no child of his, and turned me adrift. I returned to the ship, but my place was already supplied; and here I am, your honour, on my way to London, to seek out a birth for the poor sailor boy."

As he finished, he was turning away, about to leave me, when I laid my hand on his arm, to detain him. Whether it was that he could not read "charity" in my countenance ——whether he did not think himself entitled to my compassion——or from what other cause it was that he turned away, I know not; but of this I am certain; if my face did not wear the kindest look of pity, it belied my heart.

"God help thee!" said I: "thy years," for he had hardly seen twelve winters, "are unfit to buffet with the wind of Fortune, and the tide of Adversity. Fortune is more fickle than all the winds, and Adversity more irresistible

ible than all the waves thou hast ever met with in the Atlantic ocean!" [I owed Humanity a debt, and here I paid it.] —"And if ever thou seest me in want of sixpence, thou shalt repay it me with interest," said I, as he dropped a tear on the piece I had given him. I accepted this tribute of his heart instead of a thousand thanks, and, buttoning my coat, walked away.

Tell me, ye philosophers, what it is that gives a man such a calmness and tranquillity of mind, that sets him so at peace with himself, after doing a good action?——for I think if Doctor Lenitive himself had laid his finger on my pulse at that moment, his stop-watch could not have told him of the least irregularity in the pulsation of it.

Envy me my feelings, ye who have never felt "the luxury of doing good;" who have never shed a tear over the miseries of others; and learn not to suppress the inclinations of doing a good action; for too true it is that we feel them but seldom!

C——. P.

ON A PASSAGE IN STERNE.

IN the 13th chapter of Proverbs, verse the 12th, we read——"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."—— This thought, in almost the same language, is introduced by Sterne into his beautiful picture of the "Captive." "I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt *what kind of sickness of the heart it was that arises from hope deferred.*" We may therefore conclude that he had this passage in his view whilst he was writing it.

C——. H.

Jane

Jane of Flanders;
OR, THE SIEGE OF HENNEBONNE.

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

[Continued from Vol. IV. page 418.)

SCENE III.

Romantic view: on one side, the cottage of Arnold; *at a distance, a brook wandering through a clump of trees.*

Enter *Cecilia.*

Cecilia. ALAS! how lonely every thing seems now Robert's away. He is really a sweet youth. I never shall forget how tenderly he declared his love to me down on yonder bed of violets. But, who knows, now he has proved so loyal, and been taken such notice of by the Countess of Mountfort, that he won't forget his village girl?——Ah! no—he cannot prove faithless, for his heart is too good; and he told me at parting that he would never forsake me.

SONG.

How sweetly fled the passing hour,
When, free from busy toil,
Beneath the shade of yonder bow'r
I sought repose awhile:
No sound was heard, except the brook
Which wanders thro' the grove,
Whilst Robert, with impassion'd look,
Disclos'd his tale of love!

What maiden, then, could long withstand
The flame his words awoke,
The gentle pressure of his hand,
As tenderly he spoke?
Ah! no!—he won my doating heart,
Which soon my actions prov'd;
I felt the wound of Cupid's dart,
And frankly own'd I lov'd!

(As she sings, Arnold *opens a window of the cottage, and listens.*

Arnold.

Arnold. Who, in the name of Melody, have we got singing here? Little Cecilia, as I'm alive!——the pride of our village. Upon my soul she warbles like a linnet. Oh! you delicate morsel! I must come down, and have some talk with you. I always pay great attention to the girls, by reason of my having a handsome person; and that, joined to a little flattery, makes an astonishing impression on a woman's fancy. *(Shuts the window.)*

Cecilia. How happy should I be if I could but see my dear Robert! But, ah! what hopes I cherish! He may, perhaps, already have been slain, and all my prospects darkened!

Enter Arnold, *from the cottage.*

Arnold. Well—how d'ye do, chicken?

Cecilia (turning aside). Pestering old fool!

Arnold (following her). Let me have a sight of that pretty face!———Dido—Helen—Venus——oh! they are all fools to you. This girl is certainly *non compos*, as the clerk of our parish says; for my flattery don't seem to tickle her palate.

Cecilia. Nor your person to tickle my fancy.

Arnold. Oh, fie!——that's as much as to say I'm ugly.———I'll tell you what——this is the first time any one ever spoke disrespectfully of my beauty.

(As they speak, two French soldiers descend a rugged path, and listen to them.)

Cecilia. To speak truth, you old ape, I've no good opinion of any thing about you;——so, pray, begone.

Arnold. Then as soon as I have had the supreme felicity of kissing your lips, in humble duty I'll obey. [*Kisses her*].——Now I go—farewel!—adieu!—you lovely creature! [*Exit into the cottage.*

Cecilia. Thank you for going. And now I'll return home, and pass a merry hour with my lute.

[*As she is departing, the soldiers rush forward.*

1*st. Soldier.* Hold!

Cecilia. Why do you seize me? I'm only a poor simple girl belonging to the village yonder.

2d. Soldier. Your beauty demands a higher station in the world *(aside)*.——I say, comrade, such a prize as this would adorn the Camp of Godemar. What if we bear her to our Chieftain?

1st. Soldier. It may, perhaps, gain us some preferment.

2d Soldier. You wake ambition in my breast.——Do you agree to the proposal?

1st. Soldier. With all my heart.

2d. Soldier. 'Tis well. *(To Cecilia.)*—Come—you must away with us.

Cecilia. Whither?

1st. Soldier. Only a little distance—to the French camp.——You shall be the bride of the rich and powerful Godemar.

Cecilia. Godemar! He is my aversion!

2d. Soldier. Peace!—or your life is forfeited.

Cecilia. Oh! tear me not from him I love.

1st. Soldier. You love?—Whom do you love?

Cecilia. A simple villager like myself.

2d. Soldier. His name, I command you.

Cecilia (terrified). 'Tis Robert.——Why do you look so furious?

1st. Soldier. Robert! The Chief of the armed peasants in this neighbourhood?

Cecilia. The same.

1st. Soldier. Well do I know him.——Oft have these villagers attacked our Camp, and oft have they returned victorious with the trophies and spoils wrenched from the hands of our soldiers. The villain Robert heads them:—you shall be a pledge to stay his daring insolence.——Away with us.

Cecilia (shrieks). I will not go!

1st. Soldier (seizing her). Force shall make you yield.

(Robert *rushes before them, richly clothed in armour.*

Robert.

Robert. Villains!——not whilst this arm hath power to protect her!

Cecilia. Oh! heavens!——'tis he! *(She leans for support against a tree.*

1*st. Soldier.* Now shall our swords revenge the many gallant heroes you have cost us. *(The soldiers draw their sabres.)*

Robert. Thus I confound ye. *(He rushes on them: the combatants struggle against the cottage of* Arnold, *who opens an upper window.*

Arnold. The devil!——the devil!——keep farther off. ——Don't come near me. I like the French. Get away from my door. Oh, Lord! I shall have my house battered about my ears!

(He drops from the window, and hides himself among the trees. After some time Robert *disarms both the soldiers, and drives them off.*

Robert. My sweet Cecilia!——with what rapture do I view thy charms after a long absence!

Cecilia. And does my faithful Robert still remember her he loves?——But, why this splendid dress----this waving plume, and glittering helmet?

Robert. My beauteous girl, in me no longer view the simple villager; but Robert, Lord of Coutance. This dignity I have been honoured with by the noble and beneficent Countess of Mountfort; and may I perish as the meanest reptile, if I exert not my arm in her cause for ever!

Cecilia. All my hopes are blighted!

Robert. What ails my love? Why that dropping tear?

Cecilia. Alas! you will not now condescend to notice your humble village girl; and I must pine in secret for the loss of him whom I adore. I could once call Robert my own; but it will now be my task to sustain the hateful shock of seeing that jewel, which I once fondly doated on as destined for myself, torn from my arms by another.

Robert. And do you weep for this? Restrain those lovely dew-drops. No, my Cecilia; Virtue, when found

in the cottage, demands the same respect as when seated in the palace. But let us away to the fortress; our time is precious: within three hours I lead a sally to be made on the enemy, for the purpose of gaining provisions. After that service is performed, I will introduce you to the Countess of Mountfort, who is already acquainted with your worth.

AIR. *Robert.*

In the glitter of wealth let the Miser find ease,
A stranger to love and content;
In the pure arms of Virtue each care I appease,
And o'er her sweet breast to my sorrows give vent.

However Misfortune may spread the black snare,
And wrap her sad victim in grief,
Still Virtue will make the woe lighter to bear;
And from Virtue he'll soon meet the sweetest relief.

Oh, listen, ye mortals,—'tis Prudence dictates;
Your actions by her ever guide:
In the mansion of splendour dull Care often waits,
And 'tis not the abode where Content doth reside.

(Arnold *comes from his concealment.)*

Arnold. Thank God! the rascals are gone. *(To Robert.)* I congratulate you, Sir, on your victory.——Heyday! Why, Robert, you're dressed so fine, that I did not know you. Well, upon my soul, it's very lucky you should beat those fellows. I hate the French most abominably.

Robert. Brave Arnold! I thank you for the assistance which you afforded me; and, believe me, whilst you persevere in such wise conduct, you will never be censured for fool-hardiness. [*Exit with* Cecilia.

Arnold. Very pretty usage! Now, there's a fellow—because I did not open the door, and hazard my life to save his, he reprobates me to my face. What prevented me from succouring him?——self-preservation!---the great law

law of Nature: and a man must be silly enough that would run into danger with his eyes open. No, no; old Arnold, thou hastn't lived in the world so many years, to be cut down like the stump of a withered tree.

SONG.

Let others hard fighting
Place all their delight in;
For myself, I must say
I've no stomach that way;
Great danger attends the plan:
From my earliest youth
('Tis a well-boding truth)
I've been mark'd as a cautious man.

It augurs great passion,
Tho' now much in fashion,
To slay all our foes,
And load them with woes;
We forget that we hazard *our* lives:
It oft has been said
By many a wise head,—
That caution and care always thrives. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The French camp before Hennebonne: on the right, the tent of Godemar, *richly ornamented; a winding sheet of water running beyond it, rendered passable by a bridge. Farther back, to the left, a number of scattered trees, situated on a chain of steep hills. The walls of the fortress are discovered, in perspective, at a distance.*

Enter Felix.

Felix. Never was any poor fellow, since the creation of the world, hauled about as I am. If this master of mine is so wearisome, what sort of a place must the Squire of Pompey the Great have had? There stand those cursed ramparts *(pointing to the fortress)*; proof against the strength of our bravest soldiers. Who in the world, but madmen, would fight with stone walls? My business is very well adapted for any fellow that can feast upon glory, and now and then a good thumping into the bargain. But I

wish I was able to get to the merry fields of Languedoc again; they should not have much more of my company here.

Enter Marguerite.

Marguerite. So, Felix, we are still unsuccessful. I wonder when the fortress will yield?

Felix. Or rather say, Marguerite, you wonder when we shall run away! The Chief, Godemar, was pleased to ridicule our enemies, because headed by a woman; but it it seems they are strong enough to keep us in subjection.---Now, who would think that inexperienced petticoats could baffle veteran breeches? Well, I always said that we should do no good here: but my hot-headed master won't allow me to have any skill in military operations.

[Godemar *comes from the tent.*

Fly! Marguerite. He comes this way.

Marguerite. What a black-looking fellow. [*Exit.*

Godemar. So, driveller!——hast thou any new tale of fear to report?

Felix. I know of no sprig sprouting at present, my Lord; but the original root still continues firm, very much against my inclination, I assure you.

Godemar. Throw off this idle weakness, fellow: thou art ever trembling without a cause.

Felix. Why, I own, my Lord, I am something of the aspen-leaf breed:——but you pass over the valiant feats I have performed!

Godemar. True. There are some deeds which well deserve reward. Ere long this paltry town will be our's; and you shall then meet a recompense, by sharing in the plunder.

Felix. I'm afraid that will be like my old grandmother's journey to Heaven;——never come to pass! She cut me off with a shilling; and, I'm sure, such cruelty to so elegant a youth as myself won't help her a step forward on the way.

Godemar.

Godemar. Pshaw! fool!——Even now their dastard souls, cooped up within those feeble walls, are staggered by our power, and shrink with terror from our hardy legions.

(During the last words of Godemar, Felix *casts his eyes with anxiety towards the mountains on the left, and when the latter has done speaking, turns to him)*

Felix. You are very right, my Lord: it s-s-seems so by their actions.

(The army of the Countess *is seen emerging from the hills, in perspective, and marching down the descent with the utmost rapidity.)*

Godemar. Follow me.

Felix. The d——l take the hindmost, while I can get before. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter Le Marche *and a body of troops.*

Le Marche (to an officer). Hasten to your post, and perform your duty with honour. Away.

(Exit officer, followed by a part of the troops, which file behind the tent of Godemar.)

Le Marche (to those on the stage). Now complete the service.

(The soldiers cut down the bridge with different implements of destruction. In the mean time, the army of Jane of Flanders *continues advancing, and at length arrives on the banks of the rivulet.* Godemar *enters with a large body of troops, which he unites to those of* Le Marche, *and the hostile armies prepare for battle: the Bretons on the opposite side of the rivulet; the French on the stage. A shower of arrows and a loud shout from each party; after which a parley is beat.)*

Godemar. Begone, misguided fools! Abandon the attempt, and submit to your liege lord.

Fitzwalter. Weak invaders! we scorn alike your words and menaces.

Raymond. 'Tis useless your opposing us. *(To his followers)*—Bring forward our rafts. We'll cross this drop of water, and at once overwhelm ye.

A se-

(A second discharge of arrows. The Breton soldiers bring forward a raft; they throw it over the rivulet, and cross. The troops of Godemar *rush forward to oppose them. The several champions fight hand to hand, with doubtful success.* Godemar's *tent is destroyed; the French are driven back, and retreat in disorder, pursued by their opponents.---- Alarums, clashing of swords, and loud shouts.---- After a short period the victorious party returns, headed by the* Countess *and other chieftains; several of the troops bearing provisions, spoils, &c. &c. they sing the following Chorus as they file across the rivulet. The different voices heard as sinking in distant echo, and at length mellowing into silence.)*

CHORUS *of* Breton *Soldiers.*

Loud let the hollow drum resound,
Spread the blast of war around:
Victory on our banner smiles;
Valour Gallia's efforts foils.
March, in triumph, march!

Breathe the song of pleasure now;
Conquest plants her laurels on your brow!
Mourn, ye Frenchmen, mourn your fate;
Destruction o'er your arms doth wait,
Whilst we in triumph march!

End of the First Act.

[To be continued.]

CELEBRATED BRITISH LADIES.

NO. XIII.

ELIZABETH, Queen of England, was the daughter of Henry VIII., by his second wife Anne Boleyn, and born on the 7th of September, 1533. Upon that King's marriage with Jane Seymour, in 1535, she was illegitimated, together

together with her sister-in-law Mary, and the succession to the crown established on the King's issue by his third wife. Her mother, at her death, had earnestly recommended her to the care of Doctor Parker, afterwards archbishop of Canterbury, who had the management of her education, and instructed her well in the principles of the Christian religion.

She spent her younger days in the condition of a private person, observing an exact obedience to the law, and continued unmolested; but when her sister Mary ascended the throne she was imprisoned, upon a suspicion of being concerned in the promotion of Lady Jane Grey; and, on the 11th of March 1554, committed to the Tower. Here she was near losing her life; for Bishop Gardiner was inveterate against her, supposing the re-establishment of popery but half done while that princess lived; but Philip of Spain interceded for her, and preserved her.

This Princess began to reign in 1558: she was then 25 years of age, and highly accomplished both as to her body and mind. Her person was graceful, her mien noble, her shape fine, and her stature and gait both agreeable and majestic. Her face had not, indeed, all the regularities of a perfect beauty; yet her complexion was fair, her eyes lively and sparkling, and her whole countenance had something in it so bright and dazzling, as scarcely suffered smaller imperfections to be seen. Her mind was heroical and magnanimous, her understanding pregnant and penetrating, enlarged and polished by all the advantages of a most refined education. She wrote letters in English and Italian when she was not quite fourteen years of age; and before she was seventeen, she became perfect in the Italian, Greek, French, Italian, and not unacquainted with the rest of the European tongues. She, however, proceeded farther than to the knowledge of mere languages; she cultivated philosophy, rhetoric, history, divinity, poetry, music; and, in short, every thing which could improve and adorn the mind. Thus accomplished, she ascended the throne; where

where she was no sooner fixed than she began to project schemes for restoring the protestant faith, though many writers have been of opinion that she was not such a bigot to protestantism, but that she would have continued popery (which was then the established religion of the country), if it had equally contributed to establish her upon the throne.

The Queen, while she was Princess, had a private proposal of marriage made her by the King of Sweden; but she declared, "she could not change her condition," though it was, indeed, then very bad. Upon her becoming Queen, Philip of Spain, her sister's husband, made an offer of himself to her, and promised to get a dispensation from the Pope, to remove all obstacles of relationship, &c.; but she declined this proposal.

In the first Parliament of her reign the House of Commons addressed her, and represented to her how necessary it was, for the happiness of the nation, that she should think of marrying: to whom she replied, that, by the ceremony of her inauguration, she was married to her people, and her subjects were to her instead of children; that they would not want a successor when she died; and that, for her part, she should be very well contented to have her tomb-stone tell posterity——"Here lies a Queen, who reigned so long, and lived and died a virgin." Several matches were proposed afterwards, and several great personages were desirous of uniting themselves to this illustrious Princess; but she rejected them all, and maintained her celibacy to the last.

Nothing has puzzled the writers of secret history more, than to account for Queen Elizabeth's invincible aversion to the matrimonial state. She was young when overtures of this kind were first made to her; had a good person; took pains to set it off to the best advantage; and, as all allow, was fond of being admired: nay, so fond, that she was absolutely jealous of the person, as well as of the power, of Mary, Queen of Scots, for fear that she should be thought

a finer

a finer woman than herself. Add to this, that she was no prude; does not appear to have had any remarkable coldness of constitution; on the contrary, was gay, had always some favourite or other, such as Leicester, Essex, &c., whom she chose out of the bravest, the most personable, the most accomplished Lords of her kingdom. It is our firm persuasion, however, that Queen Elizabeth, notwithstanding the liberties she might allow herself, did not actually offend in point of chastity.

It cannot be expected, that we should recount all the glorious actions of this Princess's reign, since it is not our purpose to write histories of nations, but memoirs of particular persons; and therefore we shall regard her rather as a woman than a Queen.

It is certain that never woman reigned with more glory than she did: nay, that there have been but few great Kings, whose reigns can be compared with her's. It is the most beautiful period in the English history; and it was the nursery of some of the ablest statesmen and warriors that ever England produced.

Pope Sixtus V. had a particular esteem for her, and placed her among the three persons, who alone, in his opinion, deserved to reign: the other two were, himself and Henry IV. of France.

"Your Queen," said he, once, to an Englishman, "is born fortunate; she governs her kingdom with great happiness: she wants only to be married to me to give the world a second Alexander."

All writers agree that she was a woman of a strong mind, and well versed in the science of politics. She knew how to manage, or at least to govern, parties; and though sometimes she was obliged to have recourse to severe measures, it must be alledged in her behalf, that the opposite factions of papists and puritans were extremely turbulent and dangerous. The greatest blot in her character, and that which has sullied her glory the most, is the execution of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots. Elizabeth shewed

in

in this affair both cruelty and meanness. After the perpetration of the act, she threw the fault on her secretary; and thus, by a poor artifice, wanted to form a cloak for her conduct; but it was too thin to conceal her turpitude.

The glory of her reign has been attributed to the excellence of her ministers, and the valour of her commanders. But did she not evince superior sagacity in employing such men, and attaching them to her interests? She did not leave the affairs of her kingdom to the management of her ministers, without examining into their measures, and holding frequent conferences with them. Elizabeth seems to have been born for the exact period in which she lived; and perhaps no Sovereign of any age or country ever had the confidence of their subjects so much as this renowned Princess, or one that turned it so much to the public advantage. Her arms flourished, commerce was extended, learning was patronized; and, probably, it would not be too much to say, that her's was the Augustan age of English literature. She reigned exactly 44 years, 4 months, and 6 days, and died, to the regret of the whole kingdom, in 1603, aged 70.

A GERMAN PROVERB.

I DINED the other day with a friend, at a house, the master and mistress of which are amiable, affable, pleasing companions, and of some political consequence. My friend was particularly distinguished by them during our visit. He was the subject of their praises, and they made the most positive promises of their interest in his favour.

My friend is not without ambition. On our leaving the house, I congratulated him upon the friendship which I heard expressed for him; and anticipated the most happy consequences to his future interests.

"You think then," said he, "that this family entertain a friendship for me. How little are you as yet acquainted with

with the world! Did you not observe that, when I asked in the hall for my great coat, the servant turned a deaf ear; let me look for it without saying a word; and that it was not until after a quarter of an hour I was able to find it, all covered with dust behind a chest, where he could not but know it was, for I gave it to him on my entrance?"

"And what do you infer from that?"

"What do I infer from that! Always remember this German Proverb:——Would you know whether you are beloved in a family?----never mind the behaviour of the master or mistress; but observe how the children and servants treat you, and you will know the truth."

SEDUCTION.

THE first seducer of a young woman breaks a link in the chain of Providence which can never be pieced again.——You have robbed some sincere lover of a chaste mistress, perhaps a wife;—robbed her of her honour, the most brilliant jewel in the character of a woman;—robbed her of her station in the world, for no virtuous one will hereafter rank with her;—robbed her of the peace of a conscience which will be always flying in her face;—brought a disgrace upon her father, mother, brother, sister, and all her family, who have a right to set as great a value upon the honour of it, as you have upon that of your own; and, it is much to be feared, she has been prevailed upon to submit to all this variety of evil, by the fair promise of unchangeable love which you made her, but never meant to keep.

Few women err from innate depravity; they are generally the victims of credulity, affection, or that childish vanity which is a part of their existence.——But credulity soon awakes from her delusive dream, affection sickens by neglect and insult, and vanity grows weary of her most

brilliant atchievements: the wanderer then sighs for the calm delights of reason, and, with trembling, timid footsteps, re-treads the path which she was tempted to abandon. There she reposes, peaceful and unknown; compunction purifies the bosom which folly contaminated, and experience places a shield before the heart which Nature formed in the mould of sensibility.——Then comes the busy demon,——Calumny; the story of her indiscretion is buzzed abroad; while the envious and obdurate of her own sex, the old, the ugly, and the ignorant, unite in a terrific phalanx, by taunts and persecutions, to drive her back to ruin.

NEERA.

WOULD you know the history of all the gallantries in a great city, address yourself to a Lady. The ladies keep an exact register of all their adventures, and do not pardon the slightest weakness. Should a young girl be betrayed by her lover, she will never find consolation among her own sex: the friends of her infancy become her severest judges.——Do you wish to know the baneful consequences that sometimes attend this rigour mutually exercised on women by each other?----listen to a short anecdote which I read yesterday in an old Italian author;* and may a spirit of toleration establish itself in your manners and opinions!

The young Neera dwelt in a village in the Province of Otranto: an old aunt was her substitute for a mother. Her fortune was small: her beauty attracted every eye.---Near her humble dwelling there lived, in the Castle of Castrignano, a very wealthy man: he saw Neera, and instantly formed a plan to seduce her.

* Bendelle, a Monk of the fourteenth Century.

You

You may believe he swore to love her his whole life,——never to forsake her: they all use the same language.—Well! Neera shut her ears to his protestations—and yet she loved him!——He addressed himself to the old woman: a little gold sufficed to draw her over to his interest. She never ceased to extol, in the presence of Neera, the mental and personal accomplishments of this fine young man.

One day, and never did he appear so amiable and so tender, he bound himself before Heaven and the old lady never to have any other wife than Neera.——The distressed damsel sighed, wept, blushed, and sunk into the arms of her lover! It was a fault:——she should not have confided in mere promises.————It is very true; but oh, women! I conjure you, do not blame it:—be content to lament it!————For some months Neera was happy; but the delicious hours of love pass so quickly away!----the two lovers, cautious, at first, in the mystery of their caresses, began soon to betray it by negligence. The world believed them married.

Neera was the handsomest girl of the country; but she was not the only beauty. Leontio publicly married a new mistress, and conducted her to his Castle.

The forsaken Neera wept night and day:—— how shall she have courage to appear in the village?————She thinks she already hears the satirical remarks of the inhabitants;—she fears still more their insulting pity;—she determines to go abroad no more.——Several days passed without her ever leaving her chamber, without her even opening her window:—she gave herself up entirely to sorrow!

On the day of a subsequent *fete* she saw several women seated at the door of a neighbouring house, laughing and amusing themselves according to custom. She conceived a wish to join in their pleasures; she was anxious to know how they should behave to her. There was a time when they all called her their "dear friend."——Could they have the barbarity to shew her she had lost their esteem?——She advances with a timid step and a beating

heart; she sits down, but not immediately in the circle. All is silence on her approach; no one heeds her; you would suppose she was not there.—In a little time, however, the conversation is renewed; it turns upon various matters of little importance. Neera ventured to slide in a word, a single word, in a low voice.—An old maid contradicts her with sharpness. Neera endeavoured to explain. This drew upon her the most abusive language.

"Go, you unhappy wretch!—Leontio has treated you as you deserved.——Did you not know you were not his wife?—and yet you have the impudence to shew yourself among women of Virtue!"

At these words, Neera, the feeling and unfortunate Neera, rises in silence; runs rapidly to a neighbouring well, and plunges in!——They run—they hasten to her relief;——they take her out.————She is dead!

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

I HAVE long perceived with concern the contempt in which too many of our youth (I wish I could not say even of both sexes) hold wedlock; an institution which certainly ought to be honoured by all,—a state which should be entered into by as many as situation and peculiar circumstances will allow to engage in it.

For my part, after all the raillery that I have heard our abandoned would-be wits throw out upon the subject, I must own, I could never see the propriety of laughing at a man for marrying.——Of this, at least, I am very certain,—that if the greater part of the gentry were to reflect a moment upon their own conduct, they would find it, in general, more ridiculous than even the worst-concerted marriage, without having the consolation of a good or wise intention to take off the edge of the satire.

What

What think you, Sir, of a town-rake's life?—In my opinion, that of a woman of the town is almost as happy?——What think you of the understanding of that man who spends his nights in all kinds of debauchery, his days in uneasy slumbers; who entails disease and poverty upon himself, shortens the term of his existence, and, at the hazard of all that should be dear to him, affronts every law, human and divine; and after all this, sits down and applauds himself for his sagacity, and rails at the institutions of his country?

So far am I from thinking that such a man can have any pretensions to wit or wisdom, that I can scarcely allow him to be ranked among rational beings; at least, it is evident that he has so much abused his natural reason, as often to do those things without a blush which would even degrade the brute creation.—Yet how many such characters do we see daily, and, to the shame of the age, see them caressed even by females who live in reputation?——Whence can this arise, unless it be from those absurd notions too prevalent among women,—"That a young man is not the worse for his excesses, and that reformed rakes make the best of husbands?"——In the name of virtue, and of common sense, what is there in either sex that can justify debauchery?——It may, indeed, be allowed, that young men, having unadvisedly fallen into errors, from the strength of temptation and snares laid for them, may be, in some measure, excused; but surely they ought not to be applauded: that is reversing the very nature of right and wrong, and endeavouring to give that encouragement to vice which virtue alone deserves.——With regard to a professed rake's ever proving a good husband: in the first place, such men marry not at all, but from sinister views; or, were it possible they should do otherwise, the impression they have received from being acquainted with the worst of the sex, can never suit them for the society of a modest woman. An impaired constitution, and a shat-

tered fortune, are all that must be expected from them, till a premature death dissolves the unhappy union.

If the Fair Sex would reflect on these things seriously, and give less encouragement to the dissolute, however gay and agreeable in appearance, as the taste of a nation is greatly formed by the women, we might hope for a reformation, in some degree; and none would be more ready than the writer of this essay to give the females the glory of it.

Much were it to be wished, likewise, that our governors and legislators would make the promotion of wedlock among the natives of these kingdoms a subject of their serious attention; and, instead of restraining matrimony by laws, institute ordinances to promote it. If the maxim be true—that an increase of subjects is an increase of riches to a state, which, I think, is incontrovertible, then such ordinances must prove beneficial.——That the restraining laws have had a different effect, let the increase of debauchees and prostitutes on the one hand, and the frequency of divorces and separations on the other, evince. No legislature needs be ashamed of a mistake, if they use their power to rectify it. It is not yet too late, both by precepts and examples, for the Great amongst us to make an amendment, in a great degree, of the morals of the bulk of the people; and I think they cannot begin better, than by giving all the countenance in their power to matrimony.

I am, Sir,

Your constant Reader, and humble Servant,

Z. *Hymenæus.*

ON THE CONDITION OF WOMEN.

A VERY curious Work has been published at Paris on the *Condition of Women under Republican Governments.* The Author's object is, to make it felt that women are at present not in their proper places; or rather that they have, as they are treated now, no place at all in the social order.

He

He argues, that it is the duty of the Republic to draw them from the nullity into which they are plunged by the laws of all nations, and that they ought to enjoy a much happier and honourable lot. He allows them no share in the Sovereignty, because the will of the family, which is one and the same, is represented by the voice of the father or husband; but he wishes that they should be rendered capable of receiving certain delegations from the sovereign authority. Why, for example, should they not discharge to their own sex the functions that relate to public instruction? Why, above all, should not the exercise of the national benevolence, and a share in the administration of charitable establishments, be entrusted to them? There are other missions in which they might appear with advantage.

"Governments," says the author, in another part of his work, "which think they did every thing in providing for the wants of men, have, in extraordinary circumstances, done but half their work; they have still to provide for the wants of those women who are not married, and whose support is not derived from men. The establishment of St. Cyr, which was founded at the close of a long war, and which provided not only for the instruction, but the maintenance and future establishment, of a number of young females, was by no means an absurd institution. Retrench the aristocratic part of it; establish and endow, in a given number of departments, a St. Cyr; and you will see morals, talents, and beauty——the honour, the glory, and the charm of France."

The Author thinks it improper that women should not be admitted into learned societies, when, by their acquirements, they are fit to have a seat in them. He is also properly indignant that the criminal laws suppose them to have so perfect a knowledge of good and evil, and the provisions of law, that they punish them like men when they violate the laws, and yet they are treated as children, under guardianship, in matters of civil law!

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS ON THE ANIMAL WORLD IN INDIA.

BY THE LATE SIR WILLIAM JONES.

"COULD the figure, interests, and qualities of Birds, Beasts, Insects, Reptiles, and Fishes, be ascertained, either on the plan of Buffon, or on that of Linnæus, without giving pain to the objects of our examination, few studies would afford us more solid instruction, or more exquisite delight. But I never could learn by what right, nor conceive with what feelings, a Naturalist can occasion the misery of an innocent bird, and leave its young, perhaps, to perish in a cold nest, because it has gay plumage that has never been accurately delineated; or deprive even a butterfly of its natural enjoyments, because it has the misfortune to be rare, or beautiful? Nor shall I ever forget the couplet of *Ferdansi*, for which *Sadi*, who cites it with applause, pours blessings on his departed spirit:——

"Ah! spare yon Emmet, rich in hoarded grain;
"He lives with pleasure, but he dies with pain!"

"This may be only a confession of weakness, and it is certainly not meant as a boast of peculiar sensibility: but whatever name may be given to my opinion, it has such an effect on my conduct, that I never would suffer the Cocila, whose wild, native wood-notes announce the approach of Spring, to be caught in my garden for the sake of comparing it with Buffon's description; though I have often examined the domestic and engaging Mayana, which bids us good-morrow at our windows, and expects little more than security as its reward. On the whole, though rare animals may be found throughout Asia, yet I can only recommend an examination of them with this condition,—— that they be left, as much as possible, in a state of natural freedom, or made as happy as possible, if it be necessary to keep them confined."

School

School of Arts.

NO. XIX.

To keep grapes, gooseberries, apricots, peaches, nectarines, cherries, currants, and plums, the whole year.

TAKE fine dry sand, that has little or no saltness in it; make it as dry as possible, by often turning it in the sun. Gather your fruits when they are just ripening, or coming something near ripeness; dip the ends of their stalks in melted pitch, or bees-wax; and, having a large box to shut down with a close lid, dry your fruit in the sun a little, to take away the superfluous moisture; and lightly spread a laying of sand in the bottom of the box, and a laying of fruit on it, but not too near each other: then scatter sand, with much evenness, about an inch thick over them, and then another laying, till the box be full; then shut the lid down close, that the air may not penetrate; and always, as you take out any, lay them even again: thus you will have them fit for tarts, or other uses, till new ones come again; and if they are a little wrinkled, wash them in warm water, and it will plump them up again. You may use millet, instead of sand, if you think it convenient.

To destroy moths.

They usually infest cloaths and hangings, and, therefore, prove very mischievous.——In order to destroy them, if among cloaths, make a powder of sassafras-wood, the flowers of lavender, and the dried leaves of rue; lay these in small sprinklings amongst your woollen, silks, or linen, and scent your drawers or trunks well with them, and no moths will live in the scent of them.—But if they eat your hangings, or other things, which you cannot order with this powder, then burn storax and sulphur in the room, the doors and windows being close shut, and the scent will utterly destroy them; and the scent remaining in the hangings will keep others from coming to them for six months, or as long as the scent remains in them; and then you may renew it.

PUBLIC

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRICALS.

Drury Lane

CLOSED on Wednesday, June 18, with the *Child of Nature* and *Othello*, for the benefit of Mr. Lacy, formerly a patentee of the Theatre.

Covent Garden

Closed on Friday, June 13, with the *Duenna* and *The Sultan.*

Haymarket.

The Little Theatre opened on Friday, June 13, with *The Heir at Law* and *The Jew and Doctor;* and on Monday, June 16, was presented, for the first time, a new After-piece, called "TIS ALL A FARCE;" the characters of which are as follow, and thus represented:

Belgardo, Mr. Farley; Alphonso, Mr. Palmer; Gortez, Mr. Emery; Testy, Mr. Davenport; Numpy, Mr. Fawcett.——Caroline, Miss Menage.

Fable.—Colonel Belgardo is in love with Caroline, the daughter of Don Gortez, who has a violent antipathy against Belgardo's family, and who has betrothed his daughter to Alphonso, the son of his old friend Don Testy. Belgardo passes himself upon Gortez as the friend of Alphonso, pretending that he came to see what sort of a girl Caroline really is, as his friend Alphonso had been informed that her person had by no means been favoured by Nature. During this specious pretext Alphonso arrives, and Belgardo persuades Gortez that his rival is an impostor, representing him as nothing but a Barber. Alphonso resents this insulting falsehood, a duel ensues, and he is left wounded by Belgardo, who supposes that he has killed Alphonso. In his flight, Belgardo and his servant find

find Numpy, a whimsical servant out of place, asleep in the street. To elude pursuit, Belgardo changes cloaks with Numpy, and the latter is seized by the guard as the murderer: he, however escapes; but, meeting Belgardo, the latter, under the threat of chastisement, induces Numpy to assume the character of Alphonso, promising to procure him the daughter of Don Gortez in marriage. They go to Don Gortez, and, soon after their arrival, find that Don Testy is come to inquire after his son Alphonso. In this perplexity Belgardo persuades Gortez that old Testy will be very angry if he finds his son is not married, undertaking to get the ceremony immediately performed. Gortez entrusts the affair to Belgardo, who retires with the lady, and returns as her husband; and thus the Piece concludes.

This Piece is the production of Mr. Allingham, author of a successful Farce acted at this Theatre last year, called *Fortune's Frolics*. The very title of the present performance disarms Criticism, by telling at once what is to be expected. As the intent of broad Farce is, at any rate, to throw the audience into good humour, we must own that Mr. Allingham has found the means to effect his purpose. He has thrown so much bustle into the business, and scattered his humour so happily over the Dialogue, as to raise the laugh at the opening, and maintain it to the close of the Piece, which has been frequently performed since with general approbation.

LYCEUM.

Next to the Royal Theatres, no place of public resort has greater attractions, or more ample means of gratifying curiosity, and exciting the noble sensations of the mind, than Mr. Porter's Grand Picture of the Capture of Seringapatam; from which, report says, an Engraving is about to be made, by an artist equal to the task of working from so fine an original.

Cabinet

Cabinet of Faſhion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESS.

1. A plain blue muslin gown; straw hat and feather trimmed with white ribbons. A tippet of white muslin; plain over the breast and shoulders, and drawn round the neck. Braces of the same, fixed on each shoulder, crossing on the breast, and tied on the right side: the whole trimmed with lace. Shoes straw-coloured.

2. A plain white muslin gown, with black lace cloak. The Oatland hat, with lilac ribbons, and feather. Shoes lilac.

FULL DRESS.

3. White muslin gown, buttoned down the front with blue buttons; the shoulders white satin, laced over with blue ribbon, and with a puffing of muslin before and behind. A lace frill on the neck behind. The head-dress: a white satin front, laced over with blue ribbon, and blue buttons, with a veil of white muslin depending from it: a blue feather. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelet, an elastic gold serpent with diamond eyes. Gloves white silk.

4. Plain undress of white muslin, with puffed shoulders. A half dress of pink satin, forming the body and half the sleeves, with a skirt open in the front, and descending in two points; short on the sides, and pointed behind: the skirt embroidered with silver, and buttons of silver on the breast, shoulders, and sleeves. Head-dress a silver net and band, with a silver tie in front, enriched with rows of pink satin before and behind. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets, of coral. Shoes pink satin.

The

BRITISH MUSEUM
1883
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OCT
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Morning Dress for July, 1800.

Afternoon Dress for July, 1800.

BRITISH MUSEUM
OCT

The Apollonian Wreath.

A KISS FROM HER I LOVE.

A SONG.

[BY T. P.]

WHEN first the Morning 'gins to dawn,
And gilds the flow'r-besprinkled lawn,
O'er which the young and tender fawn
Delights at will to rove;
How sweet is then the morning air!
The milk-maid's song so void of care!
I own it is:——but sweeter far
A kiss from her I love!!

When Noon pours down his tepid ray,
And ploughmen plod their weary way,
And cattle seek the shady lair,
And birds th' embower'd grove;
In some lone wood, hard by a stream,
Idly to throw one down, and dream,
Is sweet, I own;——but sweeter far
A kiss from her I love!!

When o'er the Evening shades prevail,
And flowers close along the dale,
And rooks do homeward thro' the air
On easy pinions move;

Then, then to watch the setting sun
From some high hill, when labour's done,
Is sweet, I own: — but sweeter far
A kiss from her I love!!

Not Morning, Noon, or dewy Eve,
To me can half the pleasure give
That I with her I love can share;
It rivals that above:
I ask not power, wealth, or fame,
The hero's or the monarch's name;
These may be sweet:——yet sweeter far
A kiss from her I love!!

PHILLIS. A PASTORAL.

BY THE SAME.

NO "banks have I furnish'd with bees,
"Whose murmur invites one to sleep,
"No grottoes well shaded by trees,
"Or hills all white over with sheep:"
The youth who these treasures possest,
These treasures would gladly resign—
Would hail himself happy, and blest,
To possess such a treasure as mine!

Yet Nature to none is unkind:
The shade of the wild-spreading tree,
The fragrance that floats in the wind,
And the sunshine, are treasures to me:
Then, the nightingales' notes are as sweet,
As soft flows the murmuring stream,
And the flocks do as tenderly bleat,
To me (tho' so poor) as to him.

For flowers, I've travers'd each field,
To deck my sweet Phillis's hair;
Not one the whole country can yield,
For Winter has lorded it there:
Yet will I not sigh at its reign,
For Winter has yielded a rose,
Whose beauty still charms the bleak plains,
And blossoms surrounded with snows.

——'Twas

----'Twas Phillis!---and this was the Morn*
When first she inspir'd the air
Of the hills she was meant to adorn
With virtues so gentle and rare.
Ye shepherds, whom merit can move,
Let songs from the valley arise,
In praise of the charmer I love,
Till Echo reply from the skies.

For me, the dear charms of the maid
With rapture shall swell in my breath,
Till the heart that shall dictate is laid,
Forgotten and silent, in death!
She's fair, and I needs must admire,
Tho' I ever against it had strove;
She's true as my heart could desire,
And my soul is devoted to love!

THE RIVALS.

AN ELEGIAC POEM.

IN yon little cottage, now fallen to decay,
Where the sycamore hangs its broad leaves o'er the way,
Did Henry and Ellena dwell;
But, alas! they are gone, and the garden runs wild,
And the briars grow up where the eglantine smil'd,
Since Henry has bade it farewell.

At the dawning of day to the upland he hied,
And wot not the evil that was to betide
Ere he saw his dear partner again—
For he never return'd:——but the villagers say,
That ruffians beset him at close of the day,
And laid him a corpse on the plain.

Ah! Egbert! in vain was the merciless blow,
That laid the sweet Henry, your rival, so low,
And vain that in grandeur you shine:
Oh! think how thy steel in his heart's blood was dy'd,
And haste thee in deserts of darkness to hide,
For Ellen shall never be thine.

* New Year's Day.

She made her a garland, her temples to bind,
Of wolf's-bane, and night-shade, and hemlock entwin'd,
And willow that sigh'd in the wind;
With all the funereal flowers that grew,
To strew on the form of her Henry so true,
If haply his corse she might find.

Despairing, forlorn, o'er the wide-spreading waste,
And the chill mountain top, and the valley, she pass'd,
Or wander'd the wild woods among;
Whilst the pitiless wind, and the pitiless rain,
Beat hard on her head, tho' she scorn'd to complain,
As she sought him the rough way along.

Unable to shield her, unable to save,
Untimely was he laid along in his grave,
Nor heard her invoke his lov'd name;
For with him had life's current neglected to flow,
And, alas! his cold heart had forgotten to glow,
And his eyes with affection to beam.

Long time had the shepherd, as homeward he hied,
In the bleak winter evening, this wanderer spy'd
In the copse, where she used to stray:
Till at last, thro' the grove, up the hill, in the plain,
And the cots of the valley, they sought her in vain——
For dead by the streamlet she lay!

No more shall they carol, so blithe, o'er the green;
No more in the dance shall they ever be seen,
So gay, when the merry bells chime:
No more shall they pause in the midst of the vale,
To hear the sweet nightingale's tenderest tale,
Or the curfew at evening time:

For low they are laid in a cold earthy bed,
And the hollow blast sighs as it flies o'er their head;
And the nettle and long grass are there:
And there in the evening the bat flaps his wings,
And there the owl shrieks, and the night-raven sings,
And lamentings are heard in the air!

So false and deceitful, alas! is the ray
Of pleasure, that lightens our desolate way
Thro' a desert unsocial, unkind,
That we scarcely can snatch a short glimpse as it flies.
But the vapour that hope had enkindled dies,
And leaves us but darkness behind.

And,

And, alas! how deceitful our gayest hopes prove!
How weak, insufficient, and feeble is love,
To ward off our portion of woe!
And where is the breast that has flutter'd with fear,
Been warm'd by affection, or chill'd by despair,
But can tell, with a sigh,—"*it is so?*"

C——. P. H. F.

ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. P. L.

STILL the expecting Muse, in vain,
Reluctant peace impatient wooes;
Still cruel War's destructive train
O'er half mankind their vengeance loose:
Still o'er the genial hours of Spring
Fell Discord waves her crimson wing;
O'er bleeding Europe's ravag'd plains,
The Fiend in state terrific reigns;
Nor oaten pipe, nor pastoral song,
Resounds her waving woods among,
But, floating on the burthen'd gale afar,
Rolls, in tremendous peal, the thund'ring voice of War!

Yet far from Albion's tranquil shores
The storm of Desolation roars;
And while o'er fair Liguria's vales,
Fann'd by Favonius' tepid gales,
O'er Alpine heights that proudly rise,
And shroud their summits in the skies,
Or by the Rhine's majestic stream,
The hostile arms of Gallia gleam;
Fenc'd by her naval hosts, that ride
Triumphant o'er her circling tide,
Britannia, jocund, pours the festive lay,
And hails, with duteous voice, her GEORGE's natal day!

Yet tho' her eye exulting sees
Valour her daring offspring crown,
And glory wafts, on ev'ry breeze,
The swelling pæans of renown,
Not from the warrior laurel's leaves
The votive garland now she weaves;

Sweeter than Maia's balmy breath,
Concord perfumes the civic wreath
Of flowers, embued with dew divine,
Which Albion and Ierne twine,
To deck his brow, whom each, with grateful smiles,
Owns Heir of Ocean's reign, Lord of the British isles!

God of our Fathers, rise,
And thro' the thund'ring skies
Thy vengeance urge;
In awful justice red
Be thy dread arrows sped,
But guard our Monarch's head——
God save great GEORGE!

Still on our Albion smile,
Still o'er this favour'd isle,
Oh, spread thy wing;
To make each blessing sure,
To make our fame endure,
To make our rights secure,
God save our KING!

To the loud trumpet's throat,
To the shrill clarion's note,
Now jocund sing;
From every open foe,
From every traitor's blow,
Virtue defends his brow,
God guards our KING!

SONG,

On his MAJESTY's late providential escape from assassination. Written by Mr. Dutton, and sung by Mr. Trueman, at Drury Lane Theatre.

SECURE within her sea-girt reign,
Britannia dar'd the world to arms,
And, Her's the trident of the main,
Contemptuous smil'd at war's alarms:
In vain the proud, insulting foe
Menac'd th' exterminating blow;
Knit in one firm, compacted band,
The Sovereign and the People stand,
One spirit rules, one impulse sways, the land! But

But tho', with conscious pride elate,
No foreign force appals her breast,
She trembled for her Sovereign's fate,
When Treason rear'd her impious crest!
Then every heart confess'd its fears,
And every eye was bath'd in tears;
Till Heav'n's protecting care made known,
All eager rallied round the throne,
And in their Sovereign's safety felt their own!

Here, where the fell attempt was tried,
Here, where th' assasin rais'd his hand,
Which guardian angels turn'd aside,
And sav'd the father of the land:
Here, in our gracious Sovereign's praise,
Aloud the song of triumph raise;
Let Heav'n with echoing pæans ring,
And every loyal Briton sing,
The song to Britons dear——"God save the King!"

MONODY,

On the death of Mr. THOMAS JACKSON, late of the Theatre Royal, Norwich.

BY G. W. LEMON.

——— "Alas! poor Yorick!" STERNE.

ACCEPT, blest shade! the tributary tear,
That purest friendship to thy mem'ry pays;
And let the language of a heart sincere,
To Worth departed, give the meed of praise.

'Twas thine, lov'd offspring of the Comic Muse,
'Twas thine in sterling humour to excel;
And thro' th' admiring audience to diffuse
Delight supreme, and carking care dispel.

'Twas thine, by thy inimitable pow'rs,
"To set the festive table on a roar,"
And bid enraptured glide those happy hours
With thee departed——to return no more!

Such

Such was thy *public* worth:——but where's the pen
Thy *private*, social virtues can express?
Few are there, Jackson, 'mongst the haunts of men,
That excellence of heart, like thine, possess!

Wit without spleen, and genius void of pride;
Friendship sincere, benignity of mind;
Patience unequall'd 'midst Affliction's tide;
Affection and philanthropy refin'd:——

All, all were thine;—but, ah! the fleeting sand
Fast ebb'd——no art thy forfeit life could save!
The ruthless tyrant stretch'd his fatal hand,
And tore thee hence, lamented, to the grave!

With firm submission to the will of Fate,
Serenely thou resign'dst thy vital breath;
For conscious virtue did thy soul elate,
And gave thee comfort in the hour of death.

Oh, might I sometimes ponder o'er the spot
Where now thou sleep'st, from care and sorrow free,
"All forms, all pressures past," should be forgot,
And every thought concentrated in thee!

There, when the moon should gild with radiance bright
The hallow'd mansion of thy mould'ring clay,
For thee I'd supplicate the God of Light,
And thus in fervent orisons would pray:—

"Father of All! to thee I humbly bow;—
"Grant to my friend those joys that never cease;
"And recompense his suff'rings here below
"With bliss eternal, and eternal peace!

"And, oh! great God! with thy peculiar care
"Protect his woe-struck orphan left behind;
"Preserve her youth from ev'ry wily snare,
"And strengthen each endowment of her mind;

"That when her soul may wing its lucid flight,
"To meet her father's in the realms above,
"Their kindred spirits firmly may unite
"In everlasting bonds of heav'nly love!"

THE

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

" STAY, Lady, stay, for Mercy's sake,
" And hear a helpless Orphan's tale:
" Ah! sure, my looks must pity wake,——
" 'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale!

" Yet I was once a mother's pride,
" And my brave father's hope and joy;
" But in the Nile's proud fight he died——
" And I am now an Orphan boy!

" Poor foolish child!—how pleas'd was I
" When news of Nelson's vict'ry came,
" Along the crowded streets to fly,
" And see the lighted windows flame!

" To force me home my mother sought——
" She could not bear to see my joy;
" For with my father's life 'twas bought,
" And made me a poor Orphan boy!

" The people's shouts were long and loud——
" My mother, shudd'ring, clos'd her ears:
" —Rejoice, rejoice—still cried the crowd;
" My mother answer'd with her tears!

" Oh! why do tears steal down your cheek,
" Cried I, while others shout with joy?
" She kiss'd me——and, in accents weak,
" She call'd me—*her poor Orphan Boy!*

" What is an Orphan Boy? I said——
" When suddenly she gasp'd for breath,
" And her eyes clos'd!——I shriek'd for aid——
" But, ah! her eyes were clos'd in death!

" My hardships since I will not tell:——
" But now, no more a parent's joy,
" Ah! Lady, I have learnt too well
" What 'tis to be an Orphan boy!

" Oh!

" Oh! were I by your bounty fed!—
" Nay, gentle Lady, do not chide;
" Trust me, I mean to earn my bread—
" *The Sailor's Orphan Boy has Pride!*

" Lady, you weep!——what is't you say?—
" You'll give me clothing—food—employ!—
" Look down, dear parents!———look, and see
" Your happy—happy Orphan boy!"

A. Ores.

LINES

On seeing Miss Jane L—f——t at Church on Whitsunday; the Church being ornamented, as usual on that day, with Flowers.

TRANSFERR'D to Church, in various hue,
Fair Flora's gifts the seats surround;
The scene attracts and charms the view,
And cheers Devotion's sacred ground:
In ev'ry heart a wish they raise
Great Nature's God in hymns to praise.

Yet tho', in gayest teints array'd,
Those flow'rs their blossoms wear,
By them a rankling woe's display'd,—
A jealous, anxious care:
The eye can well discern a grief
Expressive in the fallen leaf.

Rise, gentle Muse, and quick disclose
Why thus the colour's fled
From yon gay, painted, lovely rose—
Why droops its languid head?——
'Tis,—that Narcissa's bloom excels
The bloom which on the roses dwells!

Why does the briar, in Church, deny
Its wonted perfume to expand,
And scent the fane with sweets that vie
With those which blow on Asia's strand?——
'Tis,—that Narcissa's breath exhales
More sweets than fill Arabia's gales!

Say

Say why, bright messenger of Ease,*
You mourn in plaintive, languid strain——
Your pow'r to captivate and please
No longer sooths acutest pain?
'Tis,—that Narcissa's eyes disarm
Your power the heart to ease or charm!

Why does thy ardour cease t' inflame
The breast with thousand soft desires,
Gay flow'r,† which boasts peculiar claim
The soul to fill with magic fires?——
'Tis,—that Narcissa's conqu'ring charm
With brighter flame the soul can warm!

Why do the keenest pains invade
Yon Sprig,‡ the shrub of Beauty's Queen,
And all its purest lustres fade,
Nor shade us with their friendly green?
'Tis,—that Narcissa, charming maid,
Divides the praise to Venus paid!

Too well I've guess'd their secret woe;
They mourn to think, that one short day
May bid their beauties cease to glow,
And pilfer ev'ry grace away;
While mild Narcissa's charms assume,
With ev'ry year, increasing bloom!

Hackney, June, 1800. J. B.

SOLUTIONS OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Charade I.——Can-ton.

Charade II.——Bull-ace.

CHARADES.

CHARADE I.

ERE rapacity ravag'd this isle,
Ere commerce and science appear'd,
My first taught the visage to smile,
And the husbandman's bosom was cheer'd:

It brought him the succour of life,
It supply'd all his children with bread;
In this season of warfare and strife
There has nothing been found in its stead.

* Heart's-ease. † Passion flower. ‡ Myrtle.

It

It still is the means to supply
The poor both with profit and trade;
And not one of the rich will deny
That their life is preserv'd by its aid.

My Second is merely a part,
A portion which persons divide;
My Whole, by the help of some art,
Becomes to my First a good guide.

CHARADE II.

MY First is a term to express
Good-humour, affection, and ease:
It never engenders distress,
But is always delighted to please.

My Second's a colour ally'd
To those which most shewy appear;
My Whole can be only supply'd
By ties, which are nat'ral and dear.

To Correspondents, &c.

The Inspector *does not answer our expectations. Common-place invective against the Sex we can by no means admit. If this Correspondent will mend his pen, and send us something more interesting, we shall be happy to give admission to his productions.*

It is not desirable to make our Publication the medium of Theological Controversy: if, however, S. W. S. B. wishes to furnish some brief *arguments against* Deism, *which we hope she unjustly states as being prevalent among the* Female part of Society, *we will pay them all the respect they may be entitled to.*

J. J. *must be* more explicit *before we can say any thing farther.*

Many Contributions are deferred for want of room.

T.'s *Favour is only deferred because it came too late for this Month's Number. We do not find any fault with his* Poetry; *but his Prose would be more useful to us, if amusing and instructive.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
OCT

LADY HARRIET ACKLAND

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